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"IN PRAISE OF THE QUEEN."

THE desire to discredit or to vindicate the deciphered work of Mrs. Wells Gallup, and the unpleasing matter which in part it divulges, has naturally led to closer inquiry into the personal history of that extraordinary compound of good and evil—Queen Elizabeth. Certainly in her we have a striking object-lesson in the "Contraries" expounded by *Bacon*, and the business of reconciling the absolutely opposed accounts extant concerning her, will perhaps be the life-long work of some future historian. "The *evil* that lives after" is, as a rule, carefully excluded from printed histories; it is painfully prominent in MS. collections "reserved," or kept behind the veil, in places somewhat unattainable,—precautions, questionable now, but needful in the times when these documents were written. Many of them are from private persons about the Court, or from Ambassadors and Statesmen to their correspondents here or abroad. Some are judicial examinations, affidavits, confessions, &c. For the most part they tell their tales in plain unvarnished language, and those tales are very evil.

With this dark side of the picture we have here nothing to do; let it be turned with face to the wall, whilst we examine the portraits full of goodness, beauty, and magnanimity, set before us in the prose and poetry of her day as "Queen Elizabeth," the great, the unmatched. Turn where we will, we seldom get far without coming upon some passage "In praise of the Queen"—passages which colour and harmonise with the descriptions of later writers, who are usually content to copy from each other. The few who dig to the roots of the matter must know better; but by preference or obligation, they slide over or suppress particulars which differ egregiously and glaringly from history as taught in the schoolroom. It is essential to know and establish this fact; for, even in present times, charges have been brought against Francis St. Alban of vilifying Elizabeth's character

in the secret history embedded in the Biliteral Cipher, whilst elsewhere, about the same date, and again later, he enthusiastically extols her parts and virtues.

The work dedicated to this purpose, and printed after her death, is known as "The Felicities of Queen Elizabeth."* We are not now concerned with the question whether or not Francis originally wrote this eulogy in Latin or in English, or whether he had it translated from English into Latin by some of his "able pens." It is plain that he thought out, or "exercised his judgment upon" every subject in "*his mother tongue*," using translations made by others, partly to disguise his own style, but partly that the work should be rendered permanent, safe from the perversions of later writers, and intelligible to the educated of all ages and nations. Nevertheless, if he did write anything for publication in Latin, he may have written this "*In Felicem Memoriam*," for the very reason that the writing has been pronounced by competent critics "careless," if not uncritical, showing signs of having been written hurriedly, and without revision. The same is perceivable in the *Promus* Notes; they were to register suggestive ideas, rather than to present neat axioms or polished periods. In some cases even the syntax seems faulty, and the quotations inaccurate; for our Francis is here studying matter more than words; his primary aim was to endow men with the wealth of knowledge and new conceptions, with which his capacious and versatile mind was full to the brim. To build up the noble model of language, which he compares to the beautiful statue of Apelles (or Zeuxis), an image composed of all beauties united in one person—this was a secondary matter which shaped itself as he went on; it was, however, a matter which he esteemed of high importance, since "Words are the images of thoughts," and in many of the poetic pieces which we have to notice, it may be observed how the idea, and the muse (or the language in which the idea is expressed) are mingled in the mind of our poet.

The Beautiful Lady, the sovereign mistress of Francis, whether she be interpreted of truth pure and simple, of the wisdom and knowledge which are truth, or of the muse or language which expresses truth—"Truth in beauty dyed,"—the allegory seems to be all one. Crowned, and invested with the raiment and jewels of splendid language, or naked and unadorned in her simplicity, Truth is still herself. She

* Harl. MSS. 6797, folio 79, where it appears in Latin.

it is whom, in his youth, Francis vowed he would "woo and wed," and from whom he "would never be parted." She, divine wisdom, crowned, enthroned, and radiant in glory, was the Queen, described as presiding at the wedding of Truth and Beauty (the material, and the ideal or spiritual).*

A former article in *BACONIANA* † takes for text some lines from Dante's "*Convito*," which seem to have furnished the allegory of this wondrous Beauty, the "habitation" of his love, which Dante contemplated during the watches of the night. Can we doubt that this "habitation" was the *El Issa Beth*, or *Elisa-Beth*, the "House of God," "the Gate of Heaven?" Such an interpretation makes clear and easy things otherwise obscure and puzzling. It connects, by many interwoven threads, the "House of Wisdom," or "New Solomon's House," of Francis St. Alban, with the similar temple of speculative masonry, with its pillars and royal arch, and all the rest of its symbolic appurtenances framed upon the model of the Temple of Solomon. This is a large field upon which we need not now enter; but Masons of high Rose Cross degree do not deny the existence of these analogies, although, if interrogated concerning them, they may be forced to say that they "cannot tell."

We propose then to show :

(1.) That the *Praise of Queen Elizabeth* is *ambiguous*; in one sense a mere hyperbolic compliment to the reigning Queen to meet the fashion of the day; in its true sense, an allegory of Heavenly Wisdom, and of her "habitation," the Temple of Light and Truth, which the architect, or master mason, Francis St. Alban, was in process of erecting.

(2.) We would examine a little into the nature of the "praise" so lavishly but cautiously bestowed upon the Queen, so that readers who do not possess a copy of this tract may appraise for themselves the value of that eulogy as applied to Elizabeth, Queen of England.

In the first place we have to observe that *two different pieces extant* are *both* printed as "Bacon's" "*Praise of the Queen*." The first was dated 1592, † the second 1608; § but Spedding, who prints both in the "Life" and "Works of Bacon" seems intentionally so to confuse these two distinct tracts, as to convey the impression that there is but one. Although

* See "The Marriage of Christian Rosencreuz." Waite's "Real History of the Rosicrucians." † Vol. I., New Series, No. 2. August, 1893.

† "Letters and Life of Bacon," i. 126-143. § "Works of Bacon," vi., 283-318. See also Rawley's *Epistle to the Reader* "Resuscitatio."

writing separately of each, in neither place does he allude to the other "Discourse" on the same theme. Let us take the last first. It was published in Latin by Dr. Rawley, the author's Chaplain and Secretary, who, in 1657, wrote these words:—"I thought it fitting to intimate that the discourse, entitled, *A Collection of the Felicities of Queen Elizabeth*, was written by his lordship in Latine onely: whereof, though his lordship had his particular ends,* then; yet in regard that I held it a duty that her own nation . . . should be acquainted and possessed with the virtues of that excellent Queen, as well as foreign nations, I was induced, many years ago, to put the same into the English tongue;† not *ad verbum*, for that had been both flat and injudicious; but (as far as my slender ability would reach) according to the expressions which I conceived his lordship would have written it in if he had written the same in English; yet ever acknowledging that Zeuxis' or Apelles' pencil could not be attained but by Zeuxis or Apelles himself. This work his lordship so much affected that he had ordained by his last will and testament to have had it published many years since; but that singular person entrusted therewith, soon after deceased, and therefore it must expect a time to come forth with his lordships' other works."‡

This whole passage requires looking into; several points seem obscure—as to the translation, the unspecified "singular person," and the publication, *spoken of as a thing of the future*, whilst at that very time Rawley was introducing the "Felicities" to the public. But we must pass these things, and run through the brief memoir, in order to observe the virtues of Elizabeth as here set forth.

Chiefly she was praised for her "felicity," her long and prosperous reign, "her fortune favourable and serene," her "glory neither ruffled nor incomplete;" for the success of her arms, "no decline of greatness or inglorious exit from the stage." Peace flourished during the chief part of her reign, and was due to her good management and prudence. Her escapes from treacherous attempts of conspirators are also subjects of admiration. With regard to moderation in religion, "there may seem to be a difficulty," on account of the severity of the laws made against recusants; still "her intention was not to enforce consciences." The historian

* What were these "ends?" † We see that Rawley did not accredit ordinary *Englishmen* with the power to read Latin, though *foreigners* could do so.

‡ "Resuscitatio," *Epistle to the Reader*.

"makes no excursion into praises ; for praises are the tribute of men, but felicity the gift of God." Elizabeth was "admirable amongst women," both because of her natural endowments and her fortune," and, "another principal thing, the time and period of her reign. . . . She had many outward gifts of nature : a comely and straight make, an extraordinary majesty of aspect, and good health. Her death was painless, and, to add to the full measure of her felicity, she was most happy in the abilities and virtues of her servants and ministers."

Felicity or good luck, success in arms and in diplomacy, good looks, good health, good servants and ministers—what is there in all this to confute or disprove the "slanders," "calumnies," "factious rumours," and repeated emphatic documentary statements and insinuations, that Elizabeth, though a *great Queen*, was a *bad woman* ; vain beyond words, untruthful, treacherous, double-faced ; at times tyrannical, cruel, merciless. Rawley continues :—

"As to those lighter points of character—as that she allowed herself to be wooed and courted, and even to have love made to her, and liked it, and continued it beyond the natural age of such vanities," the eulogist "finds something to admire in these things ; for, if viewed indulgently, they are much like the accounts we find in romances of the Queen in the Blessed Islands, and her Court and institutions, who allows of amorous admiration, but prohibits desire."

The editor here notes that he has "not been able to learn what romance Bacon alludes to ;" it seems, however, to be one of the many Rosicrucian allegories of Truth and Beauty of which we have often had occasion to speak. "To conclude, she was, no doubt, a *good and moral Queen* ; and such she *wished to appear*. Vices she hated, and it was by honest arts that she desired to shine." This paragraph whilst conveying to a modern reader the impression that Elizabeth was a *good woman*, states, in point of fact, that she was a *good Queen*. "Moral" is to be taken (in books of the time of Dr. Rawley) in its classical sense—of good civil customs, political economy, government or administration. Just so the word "virtue" was used to express manliness, courage, vigour, rather than modesty, purity of life, true goodness. These last named virtues do not appear in the private character of Elizabeth. Not one, even of her flatterers, has placed on record that she was kind, gentle, modest, womanly, true.

To return to the narrative in the Biliteral Cipher. Francis

seems to have been a mere boy when the scene occurred with his "wicked mother," which he so graphically describes. He was then living with the "good," "wise," "sweet," "saintly" Lady Anne, whom, until that date, he had believed to be his mother. The shock must indeed have been great when he learnt the truth. He knew of the scandalous story just related in his presence, but of the Queen's *goodness* he knew nothing.

From time to time he had fulfilled the custom of the day, and flattered this vain woman with complimentary speeches, or with "a Sonnet writ in her favour." We do not know how early he began to do this, but later on he draws attention to the fact; and perhaps it was in order to be able to pay such hyperbolic compliments without too much wresting his conscience that he wrote them *ambiguously*, after the manner described in a former paper on the *Shakespeare Sonnets*.^{*} The writer of that article took for text some passages from Dante's "*Convito*," believing that, in all these ambiguous sonnets and allegories, the original model was taken from the great poet of the Italian Renaissance.

"My Love in this allegory, is always understood of this study (*philosophy*) which is the application of the mind to that thing of which it is enamoured. . . . By Love, I mean that study I underwent to win the love of this lady. . . . This love produces wondrous Beauty . . . O, during how many nights, when the eyes of others were reposing in sleep, were mine contemplating the habitation of my Love!"[†]

Now we observe that the Praise of the Sovereign Mistress, or, Fair Lady of the Sonnets, and other pieces in prose and verse, are parallel, not so much with the "Felicities" published after the death of Francis St. Alban, as with the former "*Discourse in Praise of the Queen*" included in the MS. book of Speeches, Essays, and Plays discovered amongst the Northumberland MSS. It is here entitled, "*Mr. Francis Bacon in Praise of his Sovereign*," and follows immediately upon the "*Praise of Knowledge*," which may have suggested the writing. Devey (who includes the "Felicities" as a history, with those of *Hen. VII.*, *Hen. VIII.*, and the *Praise of Prince Henry*) does not allude to the earlier *Praise of Elizabeth*, from which a different key-note is sounded. The very first sentences make us aware of this. The History begins thus:—"Queen

^{*} BACONIANA, Vol. I., p. 64. August, 1893.

[†] "*Convito*" ii. 16; iii. 1, 12, 13.

Elizabeth, both of her natural endowments and her fortune was admirable amongst women."

The "Discourse" begins:—"No praise of magnanimity, nor of love, nor of knowledge, can intercept her praise that planteth, and nourisheth magnanimity by her example, love by her person, and knowledge by the peace and serenity of her times; and if these rich pieces be so fair unset, what are they set, and set in full perfection?" The Discourse then goes on to enlarge these particulars, much as in the later tract, but we cannot fail to notice how the metaphors reflect those elsewhere met with in connection with Truth, and with the peace, plenty, and quiet advance under her rule. We are reminded of the deep and secret conspiracies plotted against her sacred person, and of practices to conjure her death. We must also recall the efforts made, especially by the papal authorities, to prevent the spread of popular education, or advance of learning. Nevertheless the advance of the Fair Lady is uninterrupted, and is compared to "the travail of an elephant" (a Baconian symbol, as we know, for slow and sure). The provisions of her army were infinite; the setting forth of it, the terror and wonder of Europe; but nothing shook her, "her cheer, and her fashion was nothing altered." Like Cæsar, truth is constant to her purposes; "not a cloud appeared in that countenance wherein peace did ever shine."

We are called to observe "her contempt of *profit*." The Rosicrucians also were bound to look for no earthly reward, but to work for love of truth, and if possible, *gratis*. The world-wide beneficence of truth or knowledge is such that the writer scarce knows where to begin "in such a maze of benefits as presented itself to remembrance. Shall we speak of the purging away of the dross of religion, the heavenly treasure, or that of money, the earthly treasure?" and this in spite of "the very labyrinth of cozenages and abuse, such as great princes have made their profit of towards their own people." Presently, after a page about informers and promoters, heavy sharing laws, taxes, loans, and contracts, we read that the honour of the Queen and her house, and the good of her servants and subjects, "have been the only pores and pipes whereby the treasure hath issued, and in spite of the subtlety and humourous affections of these times, the security of peace is greater than can be described in that verse—

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, Almaque Faustibus :*

or that other—

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis.

The allegory, as we take it to be, then alludes to the "fair houses"† built in the reign of Elizabeth, "as Augustus said that he had received the city of brick, and left it marble, . . . so she found it a realm of cottages, and hath made it a realm of palaces"—for the crowned truth to dwell in.‡

"Lastly, to make an end where no end is, the shipping of this realm (is) so advanced, made so mighty and potent as this island is become—the Lady of the Sea." The Rosicrucian symbols of ships,§ and their voyages to distant lands seem all to point to schemes for bringing in the wealth of the Indies, the treasures of learning, from the coasts and provinces which Francis himself had visited. The ancients held that the sea or ocean was the source of all things, water being the best and most prolific of the subordinate elements. Maia, the "Virgin of Heaven," is with the Hindus, the "Waters from on High." She is the same as the Egyptian Ptha, the Ordainer, who did all things in truth and wisdom—the same as "water," called by the Greek Thales, "the principle of all things"—the Holy Spirit of God. Hence from very remote ages, the use of water in sacred rites, and especially in baptism. So with fountains, seas, and all forms of water, they represent the pure virgin, the Spirit who has formed the universe from this humid principle. Thus the repulsive looking crocodile, *being an emanation from the water*, became in Egypt a venerated symbol of God, or of the Holy Spirit.

The descriptions of the Fortunate Islands, and of Panchaia,|| (the shining Land of Pan), are all, we think, descriptions of

* Cura MS.

* Seges MS. These seem to be instances of quotations made off hand, and to suit his purpose, by our Poet. Sometimes the quotations are incorrect, or "with a difference."

† See of the Libraries, Colleges, and other "Foundations" traceable to the efforts and influence of Francis St. Alban.

‡ It is said that from her festival, as commemorated by the Hindus, we derive the custom of keeping May-day.

§ See the Trade Mark of Messrs. Longman, Green, & Co., and compare Bacon's "History of the Winds, Ships, Navigation," &c.

|| Diodorus Siculus. See also the Hymns of Orpheus (*Taylor*); Of fountains, of the ambrosial waters of life, to be passed before the eternal city could be attained (See of the *River*, "Pilgrim's Progress," 1760, I., p. 203; II., 194; *Spring and Sea*, *ib.*, 81; *Bath* I., p. 471).

abode of truth, the "Green Isle of the West" with its encircling ocean—of the tempests which assail it during the nine days' passage (or initiation into the mysteries), and of the streams, rivulets, and navigable "river of the sun," which fertilise those glorious regions.

In the "Watermarks" of our modern writing-papers (and drawn so as to pass for a figure of Britannia) we find various renderings of a design representing the crowned truth seated on a throne, her head encircled by the pearls of heavenly knowledge. In her right hand is a trefoil leaf, emblem of the Holy Spirit; in her left, a diamond-tipped spear, also associated with Minerva and with Juno Chrs (or *Kur-Is*), "the Fountain of all the Waters of the Universe." Nursed by the daughters of the Star-God—tended by the ocean nymphs—Queen of Heaven, we are sure that here we have the "Fair Lady," the "Sovereign Mistress," Queen of his heart, on whom from earliest youth Francis had fixed his affections.*

This lady was to rule the Isles of the West, "a point of so high consequence as it may truly be said that *the commandment of the sea is an abridgement of monarchy*." Francis St. Alban lost no opportunity of enforcing this axiom, of which we in these later days have cause to realise the wisdom. A sketch of the state of affairs in his own times then follows, and appears to be a mixture of prose and allegory. He speaks of the flames of sedition, and the theatre of misery to be seen when war, "a Hydra, or monster with many heads,"† overspread the land; he contrasts the benignity of the Queen's rule with the oppressive ambition of foreign states. "Her beams of noble and radiant magnanimity are . . . set forth in my simplicity of speech with much loss of lustre, but with *near approach to Truth, as the sun is seen in water*." Now," he continues, "to pass to the excellencies of her person, the view of them, wholly and not severally, do make such a sweet wonder, as I fear to divide them again. . . . Nobility extracted out of the royal and victorious line of the Kings of England; yea both roses, white and red, do flourish in her nobility, and in her nobility as in her beauty. Health . . . that hath not hath not been softened by an umbratile life still under the roof, but strengthened by the use of the pure and open-air that still retaineth flower, and vigour of youth." For the beauty and many graces of her presence, what

* "Felicities of Elizabeth."

† "The Hydra son of War" (2 Hen. IV. iv. 2).

colours are fine enough for such a portraiture? Let no light pen be used for such a description, but the chastest and royalist.

Of her gait, *et vera incessu patuit dea.*

Of her voice, *nec vox hominem sonat.*

Of her eye, *et laetos oculis afflaret honores.*

Of her colour, *Indu sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro, siquis Ebur.*

Of her neck, *et rosea cervice refulsit.*

Of her hair, *Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem spiravere.*

If this be presumption, let him bear the blame that owneth the verses.

What shall I speak of her rare qualities of compliment? Which, as they be excellent in the things themselves, so they have always besides somewhat of a Queen, and as Queens use shadows and veils with their rich apparel,* methinks in all her qualities there is somewhat that flieth from ostentation,† and yet inviteth the mind to contemplate her more.

He continues to extol "her excellent gift of speech," "the edge of her words," and "the glances" with which she could daunt, encourage, or amaze a man.

"How admirable is her discourse, whether it be in learning, state, or love, what variety of knowledge, what rareness of conceit, what choice of words, what grace of utterance! Doth it not appear that though her wit, as the adamant of excellencies which draweth out of any book ancient or new, out of any speech, the best, she enricheth it far above the value wherein she is received?‡ And is her speech only the language which the child receiveth with pleasure, and not those which the studious learn with industry?"

He "wanders on" to speak of the "Queen's" rare eloquence . . . her language infinitely polished, the excellencies of her nature, the constancy of her favours, her prudent temper in admitting access; on the one side maintaining the majesty of her degree, on the other not prejudicing herself by looking to her estate through too few windows; (a hint we think of the necessity, which our poet-philosopher enforces, of approaching Truth from all sides, and of opening the

* Metaphors and similes in their poetical and allegorical languages.

† i.e.—That is mysterious.

‡ This we interpret of "Bacon's" effort to build up a noble model of English language from materials furnished by ancient and modern writers.

windows of the mind in all directions). "Her exquisite judgment in choosing good servants; her profound discretion in assigning and appropriating every one of them to their aptest employment," point, it would seem, to the method pursued by Francis, with regard to his Sons of Science, his Rose Cross brethren, assigned to work out whatever best suited their tastes and abilities, and which (when so worked out under his guidance and supervision) they were to "appropriate," as "*the Authors.*" The Queen, or Wisdom, is next commended for her penetrating sight in discovering men's ends and drifts, that skill or "cunning in the humours of persons," which is to be (as noted in the *Promus* Notes) a subject of study. She has the art of keeping her servants "satisfied, yet eager for more;" she has an inventive wit in contriving, and great foresight and quickness in taking advantage of opportunities* Such considerations, whilst they cause endless wonder at such a Queen, yet enable men to understand how, in dangerous and corrupt times, "she hath, notwithstanding, done such great things, and reigned in felicity."

With regard that *she liveth a virgin and hath no children*,† "let them leave children that leave no other memories." This saying sends a flight of memories through our brain. We recall the many allusions to the *heirs* of invention—*children* of the brain—posthumous works and essays left by Francis St. Alban for publication by friends and servants, and which, in this discourse, he seems to indicate. "Should a man have them (*his children*) slain by his vassals as the *posthumous* of Alexander the Great was? or call them his *imposthumes*, as Augustus Cæsar called his?"

The deep and absorbing love of his work on behalf of truth, the hope and belief in final triumph which possessed our Great Master, are nobly set forth in the closing words of this eloquent speech:

"These virtues and perfection with so much felicity, have made her the honour of her times, the admiration of the world, the suit and aspiring of greatest kings and princes, who yet durst never have aspired to her but as their minds were raised by love."

"But why do I forget that words do extenuate and embase matters of so great weight? Time is her best commender, which never brought forth such a prince; whose imperial

* Take advantage of the time.—*Rich.* III. ii. 3, 79.; iii. 3, 42 2 *Hen.* IV. 4, 78. *Tr. Cr.* ii. 2, 203, iii. 3, 2, and upwards of 70 other instances.

† A consideration apparently inapplicable to Queen Elizabeth.

virtues contend with the excellency of her person, both person and virtues contend with her fortune, and both virtue and fortune contend with her fame.

*Orbis Amor, famæ carmen, cœlique pupilla ;
Tu decus omne tuis, tu decus ipsa tibi !*"

The sentiments and even the words of the *Discourse* may be paralleled throughout from *Shakespeare* and other Baconian works, but we cannot stop here for the purpose. Rather we would direct the reader's attention to the fact that, wherever in such works truth is parabolically alluded to, her attributes are found to coincide with those of the Heavenly Queen El-Issa-beth, and her Palace of Truth or Wisdom.

In the "*Marriage of Christian Rosencrantz*," the fair and glorious lady of that allegory has her garments of *sky-colour*, for she is *Heavenly Wisdom* : she carries a bundle of letters in all languages, to be delivered in all countries—or, "in a snow-white glistening robe sparkling of pure gold (Knowledge) the beautiful Virgin cast such a lustre that we durst not steadily behold it."* Her throne is glorious, and *self-moving* (for Learning always advances), and "the Queen" likens this to "the unspeakable glory of Heaven." The *Palace*, we observe, is the "*House of the Sun*."

Is not this queenly beauty the same as the Spirit Euterpe, described in "*The Journey to the Land of the Rosicrucians*?" Euterpe is now clothed in the "*Sea-water Green*," prescribed in Bacon's "*Essay of Masques and Triumphs*," as a colour for *candlelight*, and by *Shakespeare*, for the dress of "*Anne Page as the Fairy Queen*," and of her attendant fairies, revellers "in the shades of night," who are to astonish and bewilder Falstaff.

"Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out." †

Euterpe's "eyes were quick, fresh and celestial. . . . From her veil did her locks break out like sunbeams from a mist. Her hair was rolled to a curious globe . . . her whole habit was youthful and flowery ; it smelt like the East, and was thoroughly aired with rich *Arabian* diaspasms." ‡

* An oft-repeated emblem of the dazzling caused by sudden influx of light or truth.

† This is called "*John Heydon's*." It is, however, an earlier form of Bacon's "*New Atlantis*," with proper names and some phrases altered.

‡ A hint of the learning and mysteries drawn from Arabic and the East, of which Francis made so much use, and of which we shall have more to say. High Rosicrucian Masons will probably understand this.

And who is Urania of the "Arcadia," but this same Heavenly Wisdom, "the all-beautie—sweetest fairness, fairest sweetness" of our poet's boyish dream? We read of her "*gait*," that all eyes were drawn to watch her movements, "all places were made happy by her treading." Like Euterpe and kindred spirits, she affected "a pretty green bank," for "with length laid down she deckt the lovely place. Proud grew the grass that under her did grow." The place where she abode was blessed and glorified by her presence, and Dorus exclaims, "Blest be the name whereby my mistress named is. All numbering arts her endless graces number not. Time, place, life, wit, scarcely her rare gifts measure doth;" her wealth and jewels are richer than the mines of the Indies.

Astrophel calls his beloved Stella "my heavenly Jewel;" her face, too, is a "*Habitation*."

"Queen Virtue's Court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture."

This palace is of alabaster and gold, its door of porphyry and pearl, its porches of "mixed red and white marble;" from the windows the heavenly guest looks o'er the world, but upon nothing equal to its own glory. We read of Stella's eyes as beauty's skies; of her sweet breath and bosom, her musical voice, and the swelling lip whence heavenly graces slide. Her hair is fair and golden; in her face "Roses gules are born in silver field;" again the red and white or the roses and lilies which seem often to symbolise the union of the warring churches which our Francis so earnestly laboured to reconcile. "Beauty's total is summed in her face," and Stella, "the Sovereign of my joy," is "the star of heavenly fire," the "loadstone" of his desire.

Even when we turn to a Sonnet "made when his lady had a pain in her face," we find this poor woman turned to advantage, and made a peg upon which to hang a praise of "her in whose Heaven Angels of high thoughts swarm." As in the "*Discourse*," another "poet" extols her hair, her ivory forehead, her bright starry eyes, the snow-mixed roses of her cheeks, her ruby lips; comparing her likewise to a beautiful Queen.

These all more fair are to be had in her,
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to behold!
(*Sonn. 6. W. Drummond*).

and again, "Her hair golden . . . brow of milk . . . eyes as burning planets . . . cheeks as blushing morning, or roses gules in fields of lilies borne . . . lips like coral . . . neck smooth as alabaster, breast foaming billow, with coral and circling azure waves."* Her face also is "a *Treasure House* where her best gifts do bide," a *seat* where beauty shines and virtue reigns. Constancy of purpose is seen in "her eyes whom never chance did more," her breath makes "sour answer sweet," her milken breasts, the nurse of child-like love, her legs and well-stepping feet," proclaim the excellence of her gait and dignified advance.

Peep into the pages of "*Cowley*," and read in "*The Mistress*," of her bright eyes, sunny hair, and sweet lips, and of how False Love (or False Philosophy), the black lady of the *Shakespeare* Sonnets, apes her face and form, and endeavours to delude men into taking her for the true beauty. The "Jointure of *both* the Indies," cannot express the value of the poet's mistress, if mankind discarded her, he would reign alone, "and my blest self" would be "the 'universal monarch of her *all*.'† His, were her fair East Indies, where beauties shine like gems of richest price, where coral grows and every heath is spice. His too, were "her rich West Indies, where mines of gold and endless treasures grow," his love for her is "*all-in-all in every part*."

But why multiply instances? The song is "all one, ever the same." Whether in the Plays of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Heywood, Shirley, Middleton, or Shakespeare; whether in the sonnets, odes, songs or other pieces of Spencer, Cowley, Drummond, Donne, or any other; whether in the satire of *Hudibras*, or the treatise of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, in the Rosicrucian Allegories or in grave books of devotion or religion‡ as *Jeremy Taylor's* "Holy Living"—in every place where we feel the touch or hear the voice of our poet-philosopher we find his sovereign mistress similarly described. A perfect beauty, her face beauty's tower, a high brow like unto the heavens, white and smooth as polished alabaster, a coral lip, a sweet smelling flower; a white neck, that via lactea, sweet breath, flaxen or golden hair, "Cupid's net to catch all comers," her eyes, love's fowlers, touchstones or

* *Ib.* 21, 13. † "I have taken *all* knowledge to be my province."

‡ In such books the allegory is generally used to point the moral of the *Essay of Beauty*. "In beauty that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express, no, nor the first sight of the life." The beauty of the mind is contrasted with beauty of the person.

adamant, watch-men, chief seats of love ; and again the catalogue ends with the face of truth, a dwelling or habitation. Can we forget Miranda's words about the *temple* of her love ?

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple ;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.—*Temp.* ii. 2.

Often as the Poet has invoked his muse, (his "truth with beauty dyed") he has ever found her ready to aid him :

"Every alien pen hath got my use
. . . For every vulgar paper to rehearse.
And under thee, their poesy disperse."

In this he rejoices, for the poet who will but "copy what in truth is writ will make his style admired everywhere." *Truth* alone, amends the style,

"But thou art all my style, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance."

He feels tongue-tied, speaking of her fame,

"O ! let my book be then the eloquence
And dumb presager of my speaking breast."

And in these words do we not hear an echo of those in "Bacon's Praise of the Queen" and in the "Praise of Knowledge ?"

"Why do I forget that *words* do embase matters of so great weight ?"

"*Silence* were the best celebration of that which I intend to commend."

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

For the following notes upon the above we are indebted to Mr. Fleming Fulcher. "The extravagant Latin quotations," on p. 164, he properly considers may, in their original application, have some bearing on the question.

Nos. 1, 5, 6, come from the following passage :—*Virg. Æneid* i. 402—405.

Dixit et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit dea.

(She spake, and as she turned away, light glowed from her rosy neck, and her ambrosial locks breathed forth divine perfume; her robe flowed down e'en to her feet, and by her gait was then revealed a goddess true.)

No. 2.—*Virg. Æneid i. 325.*

Nec vox hominem sonat.

(Thy voice has not a mortal sound.)

All the above are applied to Venus when she meets her son Æneas, after he has landed on the coast near Carthage. She appears to him disguised as a virgin huntress. He at first suspects her of being a goddess, and asks if she may be Diana, which he denies. After this meeting Venus makes Æneas and Achates invisible by wrapping them in a cloud, and thus they make their way in to the Temple of Carthage, and the presence of Dido.

At the right moment Venus dispels the cloud, and Æneas stands forth in a glowing aureole.

"His head and shoulders like a god's."

Namque ipsa decoram.

Cæsariem nato genetrix lumenque juventæ

Purpureum et lætos oculis afflarat honores.

("For on her son his mother had herself breathed radiant beauty, brilliant glow of youth, triumphant glory in his eyes.")

No. 4.—*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit astro.*

Si quis ebur.

("As one had ivory stained with crimson shell.")

This is applied to Lavinia (daughter of Latinus), whose mother betrothed her to Turnus, but whose father at the bidding of the oracle, promised her to Æneas. These two men Turnus and Æneas went to war; Turnus was killed, and Æneas married Lavinia.

ROGER BACON AND HIS TIMES: A COMPARISON WITH FRANCIS BACON.

THE "Dark Ages" had an uplifting in the thirteenth century. It was a flight of swallows before the spring. It was a reformation of religion before the Reformation; a gleam of true poetry before the later great outburst of song; a re-awakening of artistic feeling before the era of the great painters; a renaissance before the Renaissance. It was the century of the most famous "schoolmen," and, though scholasticism lingered on for a couple more centuries and died hard, no names of great eminence arrest the attention after that of William of Ockham, in the early years of the fourteenth century. The memory may be assisted by the subjoined list. In it we have placed the names of some of the great men who adorned the period; those ushering in the century to the left, those witnessing its close to the right, while the others occupy the middle space:—

Adelard of Bath, mathematician and natural philosopher.

Averrhoes, Arabian physician.

Roger Bacon.

Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln.

St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Dominic.

Bonaventura, first Prior of the Franciscans.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

St. Louis (IX.) of France.

Duns Scotus,

Alexander of Hales,

Raymond Lully,

Thomas Aquinas,

Albertus Magnus,

William of Ockham,

} Schoolmen.

Matthew Paris, chronicler.

Niccola Pisano,

Giovanni Pisano,

} Architects.

Cimabue,

Giotto,

Van Eyck,

} Painters.

Dante,	}	Poets.
Petrarch,		
Chaucer,		
Gower,		
Langland,		
Boccaccio, first writer of Italian prose.		

On Roger Bacon's life, except so far as it illustrates his character and the character of his works, I do not propose to dwell. The man who wrote "*De Nullitate Magiae*" was known throughout the Middle Ages as Friar Bacon of the Brazen Head, as a master of the Black Art and a familiar of devils. He, who was a Franciscan monk and was protected and nurtured by the Franciscans, was also kept in confinement by them because of the freedom of his opinions—"proper quasdam novitates suspectas." He who was persecuted by a Pope (Nicholas IV., Jerome of Acoli) was urged by a Pope (Clement IV., Guy de Foulques, an enlightened Frenchman) to write his great treatises, and send them to him "secretly and privately," and not to obey the strict prohibitions of his immediate superiors. He who had his training at Oxford and Paris, the homes of the schoolmen, inveighed against them in bitter diatribes—against their methods, their jargon, their ignorance of Greek, their barbarous terminology, their long-drawn-out syllogisms, their conclusions false because founded on unproved or false premisses, the idle baselessness of the whole system.* He who had a clear conception of the true spirit of the inductive system of reasoning, though without the nomenclature of a later day, was the slave of many of the superstitions of his time. His name and fame died before his death. After his death he had a spurious fame as master of the magicians. In modern times his true work has been recognised; his prophetic insight into the possibilities of science under improved methods of research revealed. We will consider these particulars in greater detail.

BACON THE FREETHINKER.

It is hard for us to conceive how difficult it was for a man

* They were *sine arte ullâ Artium Magistri—sine doctrinâ Doctores*. They believed (he says) that the magnetic power was the influence of the star *Nautila* (scil., *Nautica*—the polestar). They believed that the diamond could be fractured by goat's blood. They had disquisitions in which they asserted that *Ego credit* was correct Latin, and maintained the proposition that *Contradictoria possunt esse simul vera*. John Locke, it will be remembered, instanced the opposite of this as an innate idea.

of scientific pursuits in Bacon's day to take any step unauthorised by his generation in discovery of what was new or in condemnation of established errors. The Church and the religious foundations of the Universities which were the guardians of all the libraries, were also the custodians of the keys of knowledge. No man could overpass the jurisdiction of the Church except under peril of imprisonment and excommunication—even death, as in the case of Cecco of Ascoli. Gregory the Great, the founder, it may be said, of papal supremacy, the writer of "*Magna Moralia*" and other great tomes, despised learning, scorned the claims of pure Latinity and correct grammar, and punished his clergy for teaching it. And in Bacon's time, the study of Aristotle, later on a chief prop of the Church, was forbidden till 1237, because he taught the eternity of the world and the practice of divination, and sowed the seeds of atheism. Francis d'Assissi refused to allow his monks books, even religious books:—"I am thy breviary." Bonaventura, the first Prior of the Franciscans, says (*In Sentent.*):—"The man of real faith, should he know all science, would rather lose it all than lose or deny a single article of belief, whereby he seals his adherence to the accepted truth." Louis IX., the gentle saint, writes to Joinville—we retain the quaint French—"L'omme lay, quand il ot medire de la loy Chrestienne, ne doit pas deffendre la loy Chrestienne, ne mais que de l'espee, de quoi il doit donner parmi le ventre dedens, tant comme il peut entrer." And the fierce, black Dominic, the first Inquisitor-General, conducting the cruel crusades against the Albigenses of Provence and Languedoc, destroyed, as far as he could, the sweet and chivalrous cult of early French poetry of the 12th and 13th centuries, which did so much to civilise the south of France and north of Spain and to encourage humane sentiments.

Now what could the solitary Bacon do in such a state of affairs? The "admirable doctor" was out of his element among the schoolmen of Paris, but there at least he was free. Later on, he was in close confinement for ten years under Bonaventura, not allowed books or writing materials. After an interval of eighteen months, under the secret protection of Clement IV., during which he wrote his "*Opus Majus*," his "*Opus Minus*," and fragments of his "*Opus Tertium*"—in which, among other things, he bitterly attacks the clergy for their vices, their ignorances, their enmity to science—persecution began again at the death of Clement. He asked leave

to appeal to Pope Gregory X., but it was denied him. Again he was in prolonged confinement under Nicholas IV. He died at Oxford, a free man, but in obscurity—"unheard, forgotten, buried." The enemies of his life-time were the subtle schoolmen of the Universities, with their webs of futile dialectics; the ignorance and apathy of the Church and laity; the religious instincts of all classes; the fears and distaste of the friars, both black and grey; and the ecclesiastics. Roger Bacon, the protest against his times, no less than Athanasius, the product of his times, was marked out as *contra mundum*.

How was it that this early renaissance failed so speedily and so completely? It is sadly true that it contained the seeds of decay within itself. As Danton said of the French Revolution, it was devoured by its own children. Its enemies were, apart from the jealous tyranny of the Church and the unspeakable wrongs of the Inquisition, first the "divine" teacher (Aristotle), next, the "angelic" doctor (Aquinas), and lastly, the "divine" poet (Dante).

Aristotle, mis-translated into Latin through Arabic and Syriac mis-translations, was nearly worthless. Bacon complains of the egregious blunders of men who did not understand what they read, and indeed could not understand when they were ignorant of Greek and science. To understand an author, he says, one must have a knowledge of the language in which the author writes, a knowledge of the meaning of words of the language he himself speaks, and some true conception of scientific matters. He complains that Aristotle was a name to conjure by and not a master to be understood. And the whole literature of ecclesiastical and learned Europe for centuries afterwards contains long proofs of the chains of servitude with which free thought was bound by the name and absurd authority of a misunderstood and ill-translated Aristotle.

St. Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican, stands forth confessedly the greatest of the schoolmen—a brilliant thinker and a profound logician. His logical conclusions, arrived at by a wearisome syllogistic process, were irrefragable. But so were the opposite conclusions of his adversaries, the followers of Duns Scotus, the Franciscan. It was not a question of conclusions, but of premisses and definitions; and the premisses and definitions were in the air—baseless. Moreover, the deductive method could never advance anything really new, as, strictly speaking, the conclusions were bound

up in the premisses.* And further, the stuff of the schoolmen's disquisitions was frequently so far removed from all human interests, moral or intellectual, that the results arrived at, as they were incapable of demonstration or even palpable illustration from known fact, so also were, initially and finally, futile and barren. What wise thing could ever be adduced by mortal man about the order of angelic virtues and the hierarchy of heaven, if he had a sea of ink and a continent of paper? It is perhaps fair to say that science and literature would have advanced with greater strides if it had not been for Aquinas and his congeners, and that the voice of Roger Bacon might have had a chance of being heard if it had not been drowned in the blatant clamour of the learning of the Universities.

As for Dante, his influence over freethought was even more disastrous. He was one of the great poets of the world—claiming for himself the honour to be the sixth,† and his fame was the heritage of all Europe. And he threw the glamour of his imagination and the power of his intellect as a viscous net over the intelligence of mankind and ensnared them in his fatal web, enslaving them to the worst side of mediæval Christianity. If hell was created “eternally” in preparation for the later “creation,” and was created such as Dante describes it, so artificial, so inappropriate, so ineffably inept, and yet so terrible, by the “Creator,” the “Divine power,” the “highest Wisdom and Justice and pristine Love,” so much the worse for “Justice and Love.” And if men accepted this without demur as a reasonable representation of eternal verities, so much the worse for men. If Dante had not been a *poet* whose words had long fingers, whose phrases were flaming darts, whose thoughts took possession of the hearts of common men; if he had not sat in the seat of the mighty as a master in Israel and a teacher having the counsel of the Highest; if he had only been a *philosopher* known by the learned, no great mischief would have ensued—only a

* This perhaps expresses the facts too baldly. It is doubtless true that the whole of pure mathematics is the outcome of Euclid's definitions, “axioms,” and “postulates,” and of others like them. But to write down the equation to an epicycloid, and trace the resulting curve compared with propositions about the elementary properties of a circle, presents a very definite advance from the known to the unknown.

† The other five were Virgil, “l'altissimo poeta,” Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan. Why exclude so many whom Dante, even in the desolation of Greek literature, must have known? And why not include Lucretius, whose atheistical tendencies were not more pronounced than those of Aristotle—a man the poet honours with a principal place in his “Castello?”

few more dusty folios. But he was a power on the threshold of the cottage and at the hearth of the peasant, and, like the angel of the Apocalypse, he bound Christendom with a great chain for a thousand years.

BACON, THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

Bacon saw how useless were the pursuits and the methods of his day. He wanted books, but he could not even procure the works of Seneca and Cicero. The gates of knowledge were through Arabic, but Bacon complains to Clement that the necessary Arabic treatises were not to be had, though, now and again, a book might be got hold of at the sack of the house of some rich Jew. Moreover, though Dante places Avicennes and Averrhoes in the "noble castle" in the first circle of the "Inferno," the study of Arabic was prohibited as dangerous. He saw the necessity that men who taught should know Greek, and only Grosseteste and two or three others knew Greek. He wanted "tables," but they were the work of a later day—of Tycho Brahé, of Kepler, of Regiomontanus, of Napier. "Better tables," he says, "are necessary; they are worth a king's ransom." He wanted instruments. "Instruments are not to be found among the Latins, and could not be made for £200 or £300." He "often attempted to make them," but was stayed by failure of means, though he spent all his private means—£2,000. Moreover, they were broken by "folly of his assistants." He writes:—"The neglect of mathematics for nearly forty years* hath nearly destroyed the entire studies of Latin Christendom. For he who knows not mathematics cannot know any other sciences; and, what is more, he cannot discover his own ignorance or find its proper remedies." He laments over the statement of the philosophers that philosophy was a "completed" science. He complains that the Latin versions of the Bible were incorrect, and, that, such as they were, they were neglected for the "Sentences" of Peter Lombard, syllogised by Hales. He points out in telling words that experiment is necessary if, to the known, we wish to add the unknown; if learning is to be progressive and more than a matter of mere phrasing:—"There are two methods of acquiring knowledge; through argument and through experiment. Argument brings our enquiry to an end, but it does not remove our doubts, so that

* Adelard of Bath had brought over Euclid from abroad and translated it from the Arabic.

the mind should rest in clear vision of the truth, unless experience is brought to bear. Because many can argue on matters of knowledge, though they do not make use of experiments, their arguments do not convince them—they neither avoid what is hurtful nor follow up what is good. Now if any man who never saw fire proved by sufficient argument that fire burns and destroys things, never for all that would he convince a hearer. Nor would he avoid the fire until he had placed his hand on something which burns in the flame, to prove by experience what the argument had advanced. But after experience of burning, the mind rests satisfied of the true nature of fire. It is not argument, but experience, which is the proof." The thought here, though not the language, is quite that of Francis Bacon. It is exactly the note of the aphorisms quoted below.

But what a lesson this would have been to his generation if they would have taken it to heart? Augustine denied that there were any antipodes, because such a notion would be contrary to the Scriptures. He says that the flesh of a peacock does not putrify. He does not try the experiment as Thomas Brown (in "Vulgar Errors") did, but argues that it was the power of God that endowed the flesh with this property as a proof of immortality. Galen, in error, said that there was a hole in the *septum* of the heart. As a matter of fact there is no communication through the *septum*, and, if it occurred, the circulation of the blood would be interfered with. But Galen's authority induced succeeding physicians to find this hole which did not exist, and to prove the necessity of its existence. There was this excuse, that the human body was considered sacred; and, among others, Boniface VIII., in 1297, forbade the sacrilegious act of dissection, and the anatomist had to wait till the time of Vesalius, 1538, to find out the most elementary truths.

There are unnecessary lines in some of the diagrams of the Greek text of Euclid's "Elements of Geometry." These lines are reproduced with slavish uniformity in all succeeding texts in Arabic and the various tongues of Europe, from Euclid's day to the present year of grace, 1902.

Because water rises in a tube void of air, the verbal explanation was given (which explains nothing) that "nature

* Boethius' "Euclid" consisted of the enunciations only, with the exception of the demonstration of Book I. i. Roger Bacon says the boys of his day could not be got to learn the 5th Prop. of the first Book, "though whipped and beaten"—a great encouragement to our present schoolmasters!

abhors a vacuum." It would have been easy to prove the falsity by an experiment with mercury, but it required centuries to build up the men to make it. Thomas Brown's "Vulgar Errors" contains many hundred instances of common belief held implicitly and with argument sufficient ("*argumenta sufficientia*"), of which simple experiment demonstrates the folly.

Against these fatal proclivities of human nature Bacon makes vigorous warfare. He lays down four principal causes of error, which he calls the *offendicula*, or stumbling-blocks. They are (i) Authority; ("Galen, Aristotle, said so, so it must be true," "*hoc exemplificatum est per majores*"); (ii) Custom; (grandam talk; proverbial philosophy; "everybody says so;," "dialectics is the fashion, no gentleman's education is complete without it;," "we must not remove the ancient land-marks; new paths are dangerous," "*hoc consuetum est*"); (iii) the opinion of the many; (*vox populi vox Dei*; eccentricity must be avoided, "*hoc vulgatum est; ergo timendum*"); (iv) Self-deception arising from phantasms of the mind conceived as realities.

On this last point Bacon is insistent. In mathematics a man cannot be ignorant without knowing he is so. Inexactness is its own immediate punishment. Mathematics is the alphabet of philosophy. Language must be exact and words used with clearly defined meaning. Definitions and postulates must be exact and clearly expressed. No book in a foreign tongue can be properly read and understood without a good text and a mastering of grammar. Science cannot be properly pursued without experiment and observation; without the necessary tables and instruments.

How much all this is like the later Bacon! To some extent the *offendicula* are parallel to the *Idola Mentis Humanæ*, though the *Idola* are much more obscure and artificial in phraseology and explanation; and seem also rather to overlap. The *Idola*, that is, *fallacies*, or false imaginations, are fourfold. The first division (*Idola tribus*, of the race) includes false imaginations owing to the imperfections of man's nature; the second (*Idola specus*, of the cave), false imaginations owing to a man's education and surroundings, to his individuality, false lights and shades cast over the prison-house of the mind by refraction from the direct outer light—what we now denominate the personal equation;* the third (*Idola fori*, of the market-place) includes

* Francis contrasts the "dry light" of philosophy with the "drenched

false associations of words and names with things. These associations are of two sorts. The *things* may be entities (as moistness). The *things* may be non-existent as *fortune*, the *primum mobile*. The former, Francis adds, is the worse sort—a most wise remark. The fourth division (*Idola theatri*, of the theatre) includes all false systems either of reasoning or of philosophy. The latter two divisions are comparable with Roger's *Offendicula*, though Roger's summation seems to me the simpler and more natural.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE TWO BACONS.

A.—*The New Instrument.*

We have already seen how both the Bacons condemned the scholastic philosophies and rejected their methods; how they pointed out the causes of errors, the one with his four *Offendicula* the other with his four *Idola*; how they elevated observation and experiment to a supreme position for the discovery of truth; how the former by his practical modes of working and reasoning, the second in express words introduced the inductive method as that which should add to the old stuff and edifice of acquired knowledge new material to work on, and new annexes to a complete building of truth; how they cast away knowledge, falsely so-called, and held to that which should profit. We may add that both *expressly* take as their province—*omne scibile*; all that can be known. Also that science is one body—the Unity of Science is the burden of the *Opus Majus*. So Francis teaches that science is a pyramid, proceeding from its base upwards as an organic whole. We have found room for some pregnant remarks of Roger with regard to productive methods of philosophy. We will here add some of Francis'.

Homo naturæ minister et interpres. Man must obey and find out the secrets of nature. We do not, as we so fondly declare, master nature. We learn and get the mastery only through obedience.

Scientia et potentia humana in idem coincidunt. Knowledge is power.

Experientia docet.

Lucifera experimenta non fructifera quaerenda. Compare Goethe's last words:—"Light, more light!" If we want what will be of use, we must strive to find out what is. We must seek *facts*, not advantage.

light" of passion. Compare Ruskin's "innocent eye;" the "single eye" of the N.T.; and Tennyson's "the low sun gives the colour."

Pessima res est errorum apotheosis. The worst thing that can happen is to give divine authority to error.

Things move easily in their places, violently to their places. A golden saying in physics, and in the sphere of morals, history, and theology.

B.—*Discoveries.*

It is a curious fact that neither of the Bacons greatly increased our knowledge of the physical world. Roger Bacon discussed the causes of rainbows and the flux and reflux of the tides. He did some useful work in "Perspectives," that is, Optics, and accurately described the structure and functions of the eye. It is doubtful whether he or Alexander de Spina (1285) invented spectacles. He rightly describes the nature of a telescope, but he neither made one nor possessed one. They were not invented till two centuries later. And about 1100 A.D. the Arabian, Al Hazen, had written a treatise on how to make a refractive telescope. Bacon tells us how to make gunpowder, but as this had been discovered and made use of by Eastern nations long before, he can only have re-discovered it—if he did as much as that—for we do not know how far he was indebted to his Arabic authors. Similar remarks apply to the burning-glass which he describes. If it is true, as Richard Browne (1683) declares in his translation of Bacon's "Cure of Old Age and Preservation of Youth" into English,* that he, Bacon, had written a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Grammar, it would indeed be worthy of all honour, but I do not know how far this claim can be substantiated.† It was the crying need of his day, as Bacon knew only too well. Two things may definitely be laid to his credit. He showed how to rectify the Julian Calendar, and the paragraphs he devotes to this subject were used by Copernicus in 1581 for the service of the Council of Trent. He also sums up in his geographical chapters what he could find in Aristotle, Pliny Secundus, and Seneca, and suggests the probability of a successful voyage to the west with the object of discovering a new world or of reaching the known eastern parts of the old world. These chapters of the *Opus Majus* were embodied whole without acknowledgment in a treatise of some forgotten worthy and were there read and studied by Columbus, who acknowledged the debt he owed to them. On the whole, we may grant

* This had been translated many years before.

† Since writing the above, I observe that Roger Bacon's Greek and Hebrew Grammars are being printed from MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

that Roger Bacon, in the words of Anthony-a-Wood, was the "Emporium Optimarum Disciplinarum" of his time, and freely concede at least the first part of the high praise of Whewell that he was the "Encyclopædia and Organon of the 13th Century." But the Organon, in a practical form, is almost beyond his merits.

As for Francis Bacon, I do not know that he enlarged the area of our physical knowledge in any direction.* He was patient enough, and minute enough, but he had not the "scientific imagination."† As he says with noble modesty:—"I only ring the bell to call other wits together. . . . I scatter the seed, leaving others in late times to gather the fruit." And the harvest of the seed he sowed was indeed speedy and abundant!

C.—*Neither philosopher free from the superstitions of his age.*

Though Roger wrote the book *De Magiæ Nullitate*, he also wrote, or rather translated A Discovery of the Miracles of Magic. He believed in astrology and horoscopes, and in the philosopher's stone. And, though he was a good mathematician, and the knowledge of his time was sufficient to have prevented the error, he believed in the quadrature of the circle. He was also not above the pretences of the mountebank to possess a mysterious knowledge of secrets he would not divulge, thus involving himself in the condemnation of his fourth offendiculum.

It is clear from the tenth century of the natural history on the power of imagination that Francis with his Athenian inquisitiveness was *δευσιδαιμονεστερος*. He has not the sceptical spirit of Thomas Brown in the "Pseudodoxia" to make him hold his judgment in suspense or to reject, though his admissions are cautious, and he generally holds something in reserve to give him a loop-hole of retreat. The whole century should be read, but I would refer particularly to such sections as 910, 945, 958, 961, &c., 967, 991-2, 997, and especially 998. If it were not so long

* He tells us that all things are attracted to the centre of the earth, and that heat is a form of motion. But the first is hardly to be called a discovery; and the second is too informally stated to be of any scientific value.

He writes:—"The poetic faculty is the resemblances of things, their differences is the logical or critical: this last is the last to ripen." The "poetic faculty" Bacon certainly had, if the stately march and measured harmony of prose, with quick insight into happy illustration, come under that definition. But the "scientific imagination" which dominated Isaac Newton had not been given him. Into this very interesting side issue we must not deviate.

this last should be reproduced here in full. It is to the effect that it will heal a wound if the weapon is anointed which made the wound. This most ancient superstition, running back to the earliest history of the human race and common among all savage tribes, persists to the present day.* Bacon, though cautious, is very exact in details, *e.g.*, of the ingredients of the moss from the skull of an unburied dead man; of the powder of a bloodstone (see also § 967), etc. The party wounded need not be aware of the fact of the ointment being applied to the weapon, and "if the ointment hath been wiped off the weapon without the knowledge of the party hurt, presently the party hurt has been in great rage of pain." Francis does not implicitly accept all this; but at least he thinks it worthy of trial.

D.—*Did Francis borrow from Roger?*

Spedding says emphatically no, and gives as a reason—a lame one—that only one minor work of Roger's was printed in Francis' time, and that he was not likely to have consulted the manuscript works buried in obscure back shelves of libraries. Charles Forster, in "Mahomedanism Unveiled," is as emphatic on the other side, and prints parallel passages to prove his point. Hallam holds an even balance, inclining, I think, to the opinion that the later Bacon was indebted to the former; and he points out the curious fact that Francis' "favourite quaint expression, *praerogativae scientiarum*" is also to be found in the *Opus Majus*. But, generally speaking, from two men writing on the same branches of philosophy the resemblance in words is slight, and the simple style and phrases of Roger contrast strongly and favourably with the sententious and artificial Graecisms of Lord Bacon. But the modes of *thought* of the two men are most strikingly similar. I here transcribe the parallel passages, leaving them in the Latin.

Roger Bacon:—*Scientia experimentalis imperat aliis scientiis sicut ancillis suis, et ideo tota sapientiae speculativae proprietates isti scientiae specialiter attribuitur.*

And again:—*Scientiae aliae (i.e. not experimental) sciunt sua principia invenire per experimenta, sed conclusiones per argumenta facta ex principiis inventis.*

And again:—*In istis omnibus quae sequuntur non oportet hominem inexpertum quaerere rationem ut primo intelligat*

* A labourer in Essex (Stambridge), less than fifty years ago, having been wounded by a pitch-fork, anointed the fork, threw it on a dung-hill, and never dressed the wound. I got this at first-hand from the employers.

hunc enim nunquam habebit nisi prius habeat experientiam, unde oportet primo *credulitatem* fieri; donec secundo sequitur experientia; ut tertio ratio comitetur.

By *credulitas* I suppose the writer means a willingness to believe. It corresponds to Huxley's "scientific imagination," which he so greatly eulogises, and to Newman's "atmosphere of faith," which is unscientific imagination. We may supply the paraphrase—a working hypothesis.

And now from the later Bacon:—*Mathematica et logica quae ancillarum loco erga physicam se gerere debeant, dominatum contra exercere praesumunt.*

And again:—*Duo viae sunt . . . Altera . . . Altera a sensu et particularibus excitat axiomata, ascendendo continenter et gradatim, ut ultimo loco perveniatur ad maxime generalia; quae via vera est, sed intentata* (untried).

I suppose the *principia* of the earlier writer corresponds to the *axiomata* of the later, meaning *elements* or *principles*. And also that *scientia experimentalis* corresponds to *physica*. Observe the common use of the word *ancilla*. *Particularis, perspectiva, speculativa*, are other common words. As for *intentata* (untried), this shews either that Francis did not know the earlier methods of Roger; or, knowing them, did not recognise their value. Lord Bacon, besides appropriating a story of Roger Bacon's in *Historiae Vitae et Mortis*, which he evidently thinks unworthy of belief, only refers to Roger once, in a passage which Hallam considers disparages the earlier philosopher. I cannot see this unless the words *utile genus* are used scornfully as belonging to the *fructifera* which are not *quaerenda*. This may be so, especially as Roger Bacon wrote treatises *De Utilitate Astronomiae, De Utilitate Scientiarum*. But how could Francis know all this unless he had known the man by his writings; for to the middle ages Roger Bacon was nothing but a vulgar magician? And it would be a very unfair inference of Francis with regard to his namesake, who complains bitterly that when he tried to create an enthusiasm for his studies he was asked, "Are they *fructifera*? What is the use of them?"* Roger, unlike Lucretius, and certain Indian philosophers of the Dhammapada, who contemplated with sombre satisfaction from their sublime heights the passions and low ideals of the struggling multitude below, laments that he could not induce

* Contrast a beautiful passage from Lord Bacon, quoted by Colonel Colomb in the July *BACONIANA*, p. 154.

the young men (? boys) whom he was so willing to teach to accompany him to higher and nobler and graver work.

One last word in recapitulation. Neither of these men added much to the body of human knowledge. The first suffered from want of means—he spent £2000, all he had, on his work, tables, instruments, and books, and confesses he is an “importunate beggar”—and from the general antipathy and apathy of learned and unlearned alike; the second from want of the scientific imagination which so wonderfully aided Newton. But both taught the *Novum Organon*, the new method of reason, and exposed the erroneous aims and methods of their generation. While, however, the words of Roger fell on deaf ears and cold hearts, Francis scattered seeds over the fruitful soil of the spacious times of great Elizabeth and of her successor, and they sprang up and yielded fruit a hundred fold.

H. CANDLER.

FRANCIS SAINT ALBAN, MYSTIC AND POET.

“You are wisely silent in your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin for others to be so.”

“Let Eiron's modesty tell bashful lies, to cloak and masque his parts; he's a fool for't.”

THOMAS RANDOLPH (*The Muses Looking Glass*).

THE Shake-speare problem is altogether too subtle, too profound, too wide in its results to be summarily disposed of in a magazine article, whatever Mr. Andrew Lang may fancy, or to be waived aside for ever, even by the eloquence of so great an artist as Sir Henry Irving.

I can only at best touch the fringe of it in this paper, addressed to intelligent enquirers rather than to determined opponents proud of still hugging tenaciously the Shaxburd myth.

The Bacon Society, what is it? Baconians, what are they?

These questions, so often heard, are best and most fully answered by analogy.

We are nothing if not Miners—Excavators of a literary secret, not without parallel, probably, in more nations than one, possibly in all possessing a literature.

For our main object and aim we have the study of the life and works of Francis, Viscount Saint Alban, Baron Verulam, *Baco Von Verulam*, as he is known in Germany.

“According to the innocent play of children,” says our

philosopher in the *Advancement of Learning*, the "Divine Majesty took delight to hide His works to the end to have them found out."

The italics are mine, for in these last words our position as excavators of the real authorship of works published without "Bacon's" name is justified.

After the manner and example of the great Architect of the Universe, of whose Sacred Majesty Lord Saint Alban was so humble and devout a worshipper, he veiled his works, undertaken for the benefit of mankind, with the hope that "the ages to come," to whom he has left his "name and memory," may discover them. "Born for the service of mankind," as he himself asserts, he was, as is suggested by Randolph's lines above, "Wisely silent in his own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin for others to be so." Another justification for us Baconians and for our Society.

If it should be objected that it is in the noble ideas engendered by the pure wine of literature that its true value lies, not in the shape or fashioning of the chalice, however finely wrought, from which it flows, I answer: True, yet which of us is quite indifferent to the man whose works charm us? Our interest in an author apart from his works comes of the love we bear them, and represents our gratitude for the gifts received.

And now, who was this man universally known by the name of "Lord Bacon," without title to the same, and who is said by some to "cloak and masque his parts?" No "fool" whatever he was or was not.

One whom this dear land set in a silver sea may claim as her wisest and her best. Philosopher, Sage, Poet, Mystic. By virtue of whose "parts" of a strange whole the Shakespeare problem assumes the shape of a problem at this day.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," not entirely the simple tale it represents itself to be, founded on a still earlier cryptic "*Pelerinage de l'homme*," by Guillaume de Guilville (1295) says:—

"Hard texts are nuts, I will not call them cheaters,
Whose shells do keep the kernals from the eaters;
Open the shells, and you shall have the meat,
They here are brought for you to crack and eat."

It is with the desire to crack a hard nut that I quote Bunyan, and also Swift's "Tale of a Tub," as follows:—

"The greatest maim to the general reception of our Society has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present

age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and rind of things, whereas wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting will at last cost you the pains to dig out. It is a cheese, which by how much the richer has the homelier, the coarsest coat. It is a sack posset wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen whose cackling we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg, and lastly it is a nut."

There are enquirers who say they are deterred from joining us by the idea, most distasteful to their practical minds, of there being anything secret or mystical in the Bacon question.

They warmly deliver themselves of words such as these: "Truth has no secrets!" "Truth is open as the day!" A rash assertion. How much the most learned amongst us have yet to learn!

Look round; do not Truth's many aspects here below speak to us of a more high and abstract Truth still? Is not the Holy of Holies veiled? Is not the glorious invisible Truth only partially expressed in the brilliant many-sided facets which we see?

"What is Truth?" Truly the Mystery of Mysteries.

Can we in the face of the great mysteries around us, about us, within us; can we honestly refuse our adhesion to a question because it deals with what is or has been purposely hidden or concealed? Such a position seems on common sense grounds untenable.

That we have the right to discover "Bacon's" secrets if we can, and by his own inductive process, I have already shown. I will now proceed to demonstrate that a withholding of a portion of truth, and a disguising and a covering of truth on occasion, is an integral part of the moral philosophy of "Bacon" as Philosopher and Poet. Which fact may aid us in our study of him apart from his works.

We will begin with Brandes in his "Critical Study of Shakespeare," p. 327-8:—

"Shakespeare now sees clearly that the ethics of intention are the only possible ethics." (*Cymbeline* IV. 2) *Imogen*: "If I lie and do no harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope they'll pardon me." (A. IV., S. 3), *Pisano*: "Wherein I am false, I am honest, not true, to be true. (A. III., S. 5) *Pisano*: "True to thee, were to prove false, which I will never be, to him that is most true."

Words which Brandes explains thus: "That is to say he

lies and deceives because he cannot help it, but his character is none the worse, nay, all the better on that account. . . . Thus all the good characters commit acts of deception . . . even live their lives under false colours without in the least derogating from their moral worth." He adds: "The Plays show that their author held neither deceit nor any other course of action in conflict with moral law is absolutely and unconditionally wrong."

If we want further proof that Shakespeare and Bacon thought alike on this as well as on every other subject, we shall find it in the Essay on *Simulation and Dissimulation*. "An habit of secrecy is both political and moral; he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree." And again, "The great advantage of simulation and dissimulation are three. First, to lay asleep opposition . . . for where a Man's intentions are published it is an alarm, to call up all that are against them. The second is to reserve to a Man's Selfe, a faire retreat. . . . The third is to better discover the Minde of another." And once more:* "The best Composition, and Temperature is, to have Openesse in Fame; Secresy in Habit; Dissimulation in seasonable use; and a Power to faigne, if there be no remedy."

A natural and fine reserve where his own life and life-work were in question, the Wisdom Politic of self-preservation, an attribute of all great Reformers and Thinkers till such time as their martyrdom should have ripened, in ages where persecution for independent thought still obtained; last but not least, the traditions, principles, and obligations of his Order, the most beneficent and secret of his or any age; these were one-and-all the cause of his laying his finger not only on his own lips but on those of his contemporaries, many of whom as Brethren of the Mystic Tie were solemnly pledged to defend the interests of the Members of their Fraternity, and above all of those of their *Rex, Imperator or "Monarcha."*

When we read over Bacon's own words in the "New Atlantis:" "We have consultations which of the inventions . . . we have discovered—shall be published and which not, and take all an oath of secrecy for the concealing of those which we think meet to keep secret . . ." we shall find less difficulty in receiving the suggestion that he commanded means for concealing his own "inventions" if he desired it.

Among the Secret Brotherhood of that day we find in-

* From the Posthumous Latin Edition of the Essays.

scribed the names of James I., Charles I., Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, that Patron of Art, at whose Highgate Mansion our Philosopher is said to have breathed his last; W. H., Earl of Pembroke, *Shake-speare's* friend; and Charles Howard, Earl of Effingham, Lord High Admiral, into whose ear Elizabeth poured her dying wishes; both of which last noble gentlemen owned Play Houses of their own, and commanded companies of "machanicals" who fretted their hour on the "green fields" which then girded London. Besides these well-known and honoured names we find also that of Sir Thomas Gresham, merchant and philanthropist, who founded the Royal Exchange, and the Gresham Lectures for the better knowledge of medicine, and the laws by which it works; while any one visiting the National Portrait Gallery and looking at the picture of the Court Architect of that day, Mr. Inigo Jones, will hardly be surprised to hear that he too was a member of this Society of which we have every reason to believe Francis Saint Alban was the *Rex, Imperator* or "*Monarcha*." Himself a Knight of the "Golden Stone," a Red Cross Knight, a true Crusader, who, like those of Arthur's Court, rose, "in ever highering circles up to the great sun of glory, thence to swoop down on all things base and dash them dead." The Red Cross, or Rosicrucian Society, rose from the ruins of Templarism, and its scheme, proclaimed in 1614,* to all the learned men and Princes of Europe in the form of a Fama, or Manifesto which had previously circulated in MS. on the Continent, was the Reformation of the whole round world.

Though the name of Johann Valentin Andrea appeared on its title page, the young burgher of Stuttgart denied its authorship.

As Mr. Wigston points out in his interesting book, "*Francis Bacon versus Phantom Captain Shakespeare*," English words enter largely into its composition, and its thoughts are the thoughts of "*The New Atlantis*."

It is important to note how Bacon was in touch with Germany at this time, and if with Germany then with new German thought, which was absolutely and entirely Rosicrucian.

In his "*Notes on the State of Christendom*" (pp. 8, 24, Spedding), we find him speaking of *Heinrich Julius*, Duke of Brunswick, and of his "strong Castle on the Occer," which Spedding most inaccurately alters to Oder. This Duke, a

* Published at Cassel 1614.

learned Brother of the Order of the *Adepten*, was so highly in the confidence of Emperor Rudolph II. of Austria, that he became the Director of the Imperial Privy Council. He died at Prague, 1613, the year after Donne visited that city on an Embassy with Sir Robert Drury. Another Rosicrucian, Count Moritz, of Hesse, was also included in the visit. Heinrich Julius was a play-wright, and on the little stage which stands now in Wolfenbüttel Schloss Lessing's plays were first produced. It is interesting to remember that Heinrich Julius was brother-in-law to James I., having married Elizabeth of Denmark. Michael Mayer, another foremost Rosicrucian, and physician to the Landgrave Moritz, visited England at this period, and was the friend of Robert Fludd, Moral Philosopher and Rosicrucian. Mayer is said to have been greatly instrumental in producing the Manifesto. It is very difficult not to believe that Bacon was in touch with all these learned *Fras*, when we learn how his aims and theirs were so eminently the same. Christoph Friedrich Nicolai, whom I have had the advantage of studying in the Wolfenbüttel *Bibliothek*, which once faced the strong Castle of Duke Heinrich, says in one of his works that the general reform of the *Arts and Sciences* was a special part of the scheme set forth in the Fama. In May, 1617, Bacon, on taking his seat in Chancery, made use of these words: "The depth of the three long vacations I would reserve for business of estate and for studies, *arts and sciences*, to which in my nature I am most inclined." This speaks for his interests and sympathies marching with those of the Order, while his earnest remarks with regard to the Stage prove that particular branch of Art to be as much an object of care to him as any. In the "New Summary of Universal History," by *Febronius*, Nicolai tells us the Rosicrucian Brotherhood is in conformity with the first Apostolic Church, and desires Religious Unity, and the removal of all sects. That the principles of a Member was to live every hour as if he had lived from the beginning of the world, and would live to the end of it, to hide no action, to fear neither poverty, nor sickness, nor age. It seems that the Earls of Erbach and their wives entered the Society in 1621. I strongly recommend those who would like to dip deeper into the mysteries of the Order to read Mr. Wigston's works; it is unnecessary, even if I had the space, to discuss it further here; all I hope to do is to prove Lord Saint Alban's right to be called a Mystic and a Poet. We shall see presently how, in his own poetical language, he

speaks of the stage as playing on men's minds or souls as the "bow on the fiddle." Not as *Rosencrantz* * and *Guildestern* played on *Hamlet* (we have a similar metaphor in the stops of the recorder), but as *Bacon*, who took *Philanthropia* and *Goodness* for his province always played that virtue might enter and other men's minds might ignite.

Whatever Sir Henry Irving would have us believe, our Philosopher took, all his life long, the greatest interest in the stage, though for obvious reasons he never mentions the great playwright of the nation, shall I say world? In his *Advancement of Learning* occur these words: "Dramatic poetry which has the Theatre for its world would be of excellent use if it were sound; for the corruptions of the Theatre is of very great consequence, and the corruptions of this kind are numerous in our time, but the regulation quite neglected." Using an analogy only worthy of Shake-speare, he says; "The action of the theatre, though modern States esteem it but ludicrous unless it be satirical and biting, was carefully watched by the Ancients that it might improve mankind in virtue; and indeed many wise men and great philosophers have thought it as the *bow to the fiddle*."

That we find his prose works plentifully interlarded with allusions to the stage, such as the prompter's book, "judging the play by the first act," "he played it now as if he had been on the stage," "plaudites are fitter for players than for magistrates," "beholding noble action as in a theatre," and a host more, we realise how much Bacon did know about the theatre, its technicalities, and its possibilities. It is a significant fact, one that proves how determined the "general" is to abide by its own errors and traditions rather than learn, that after Sir Henry Irving's speech in America in which he disclaimed for our great Philosopher any interest whatever in the Theatre, I sent a letter to three of our leading dailies, in these words: "Whatever Sir Henry Irving says is worth listening to, and his Lecture on Bacon and Shake-speare has many good points. But as a Baconian, I would call attention to a flaw in his argument. Bacon emphatically knew much of stage-craft, and had the possible future of the English Drama strongly at heart. He constantly interlards his prose with allusions to the theatre." I added twelve examples with their references, and closed my letter with these words:—

"Bacon was chosen to stage Masques and plays at Gray's

* In an early Quarto printed *Rosencraft* and *Gilderstone*.

Inn and at Greenwich Palace, which meant a Matinee before Royalty."

Perhaps it is superfluous to add that not one of the papers inserted my letter, a proof of the one-sidedness of the press.

That Francis was associated with dramatic representations from his earliest years is a matter of history. Sir Nicholas Bacon heard him recite his little pieces from memory, too busy as the great man is said to have been to see much of the child, which argues that Nicholas himself had a dramatic and poetical taste. Hepworth Dixon is at pains to record that the boyhood of Francis saw him taking active part in the pomps and pageants with which a gay Court solaced themselves on the banks of the swan-flecked river.

And as has been so often pointed out, the revels at his own Inn of Court were the especial care of the accomplished, poetical, learned barrister, Sir Francis Bacon.

At whatever point we touch him we find an answering note in harmony with the title we assign him at the head of his paper.

Always be it remembered that it is rather in the form of "pinholes," by, or through which we may espy "great objects," that his hints are given to us his "discoverers." For if he systematically made use of secret means to attain his end with regard to the stage, it is against reason that he should permit of our finding out without a great deal of labour and trouble that he was the *one* great Poet-Dramatist of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

That this was his secret we are sufficiently assured, and that we may well claim him to be what we assert, I shall now proceed to show. To do this effectually I append a series of quotations from both Bacon in his more *contemplative* mood, when he writes as a philosopher and in prose; and from Shake-speare, whose Dramas represent the same ideas and wise thoughts taking *active* shape in the plays.

These quotations are here given in the form of questions by myself and answers by Bacon.

SUBJECT:—"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Q.—Oberon says: "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, there sleeps Titania, lulled in these flowers with *dances* and *delight*. Can you explain why wild-thyme should lull her in delight?"

Bacon: "The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music than in

the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that *delight* than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Those which do perfume the air most *delightfully*, being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is burnet, wild-thyme, and water mints; therefore you must have whole allies of them when you walk and tread."

Q.—"Aye, and *dance* too I presume? But besides the wild-thyme, Oberon speaks of other flowers carpetting the ground. Can you suggest any others which you prefer?"

Bacon: "I also like little heaps such as are in wild heaths to be set with wild-thyme, some with *violets*, some with *cowslips* and the like flowers, withal sweet and sightly."

Q.—"Precisely, Titania's 'little heap' agrees with your ideas. Oberon describes it almost in your own words. 'I know a bank whereon the wild-thyme blows, where *ox-lips** and the nodding *violet* grows.' But can you tell me why nodding? Is there any reason, would you say, for preferring a nodding violet to a still one?"

Bacon: "When bodies are moved or stirred they smell more as a sweet bag is waved. The daintiest smell of flowers are violets, roses, woodbine."

Q.—Ah! roses and honey-suckle—should they adorn Titania's couch?

Bacon: "For the heath I wish it to be framed to a natural wildness. I would have some thickets made only of sweet-briar and *honey-suckle*."

Q.—Quite so; I guessed as much. You have now accurately described all the flowers mentioned by Oberon as forming Titania's bower. "I know a bank whereon the wild-thyme blows, where *ox-lips* and the nodding violet grows, quite over-canopied with lush *woodbine*, with sweet . . . musk-roses." Do you agree with the last-named addition? Do you like the musk-rose?

Bacon: "The sweetest smell in the air is the violet, . . . next to that is the musk-rose. The smell of violets and roses exceedeth in sweetness that of spices. . . . These things do rather woo the sense than satiate it."

Q.—I have my answer. I am content.

It is in parallels such as these, and they abound, that we realise that the minds of Bacon and Shakespeare run in actually and entirely the same groove. Here is another instance.

* The greater cowslip.

SUBJECT—"HAMLET."

Q.—Hamlet says to the gravedigger: "How long will a man lie in the grave ere he rot?" What have you to say about this matter?

Bacon: "It is strange, and well to be noted, how long carcases have continued incorrupt and in their former dimensions, as appeareth in the mummies of Egypt, having lasted, as is conceived, three thousand years."

Q.—The gravedigger says in reply: "If he be not rotten before he die [we have many pocky corpses now-a-days], he will last some eight years," giving as a reason for a tanner lasting nine that his hide was so tanned, "He will keep out water a great while. Water is a sore decayer of your dead body." What do you say about this?

Bacon: "If you provide against three causes of putrefaction, bodies will not corrupt. . . . The first is that the air be excluded, for that undermineth the body. . . . The third is that the body to be preserved be not of that gross that it may corrupt within itself. There is a fourth remedy also, which is, that if a body to be preserved be of bulk, as a corpse is, then the body that incloseth it must have a virtue to draw forth and *dry the moisture* of the inward body, for else the putrefaction will play within."

Q.—The gravedigger and you agree. Besides this, Hamlet enquired thus, as he held the skull of Yorick: "Dost thou think Alexander look'd out o' this fashion i' the earth?" Can you answer him? Can our imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole? Is it at all likely that Alexander's flesh could have ever formed a bung "to keep the wind away?"

Bacon: "When Augustus Cæsar visited the sepulchre of Alexander the Great, in Alexandria, he found the body to keep his dimensions. But withal, the body was so tender, notwithstanding all the embalming, Cæsar touching the nose defaced it. The ancient Egyptian mummies were shrouded up in a number of folds of linen, which doth not appear was practised on the body of Alexander."

Q.—Ah! that is what Hamlet alludes to, doubtless, when he says: "Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam might they not stop a beer-barrel?"

Enquirers have only to take any subject they fancy from

Shakespeare's Plays, and search in Bacon's works ; they will find the passages paralleled and explained—at least that is my experience.

“MEASURE FOR MEASURE.”

Q.—The Duke of Vienna says : “ I love the people, but do not like to stage me to their eyes.” What says my Lord of Verulam ?

Bacon : I do not desire to stage myself nor my pretensions. Do good to the people ; love them, looking for nothing, neither praise nor profit.”

Duke of Vienna : “ I do not relish well their loud applause and *aves* vehement, nor do I think the man of safe discretion that does affect it.”

Bacon : “ The best temper of men desire good name and true honour ; the lighter popularity and applause.

What more striking evidences of the truth of my assertion are there to be found than these ? Here is another instance.

“MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.”

Hermia : “ Little again ? Nothing but low and little ? I am so dwarfish and so low ! ”

Lysander : “ Get you gone, you dwarf, you minimus, of hindring knot-grass made.”

Q.—Explain why he calls her “ hindring *knot-grass* ? ”

Bacon : “ It is a common experience that when alleys are close gravelled, the earth putteth forth, the first year knot-grass, and after spear-grass. The cause is that the hard gravel of pebble will not suffer the grass to come forth upright, but turneth it to find his way where it can.”

Q.—The reason for the curious words used by Lysander is now perfectly clear by your reply.

“TWELFTH NIGHT.” Act I., Scene i.

Scene—A City in Illyria, and the Sea-coast near it.

Act I.—An apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke (musicians attending) :

Duke : “ If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that surfeiting, the appetite
may sicken, and so die.”

Q.—Explain this metaphor.

Bacon : “ Generally music feedeth that disposition of

the spirits which it findeth. There be in music certain figures almost agreeing with the affections of the mind and other senses, and the falling from a discord to a concord (which maketh great sweetness in music) hath an agreement with the affections; it agreeth with the taste also which is soon glutteth with which is sweet alone."

Q.—And in this case, what figure had *this* music?

Duke: "That strain again, it had a dying fall. O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south breathing o'er a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour."

Q.—Why should a strain of music be compared to wind?

Bacon: "Wind, all impulsion of the air is wind, will rise and fall by turns, the breath thereof carried upward, then languishing, as it were, expires and dies. We have some slides of strings, as it were, continued from one tone to another, rising and falling, which are delightful."

Q.—Why specify a south wind?

Bacon: "The south wind blows from presence of the sun. The south and west winds are warm and moist, to sweet smells heat and moisture is requisite to spread the breath of them."

Q.—Why a "south wind breathing o'er a bank of violets?"

Bacon: "The sweetest smell in the air is the violet, and the breath of flowers is much sweeter in the air at some distance, when it comes and goes like the warbling of music."

Q.—Why are south winds *sweet*?

Bacon: "The south wind is very healthful when it comes from the sea. In places which are near the sea the sea-trees bow and bend as shunning the sea air, but not from any averseness to them; the south winds are very agreeable to plants."

Q.—Why should this sea-coast wind give and take odour?

Bacon: "When bodies are *stirred*, then shall more the impulsion of the air bring the scent faster upon us. Winds are, as it were, merchants of vapours; they carry out and bring in again, as it were, by exchange."

Duke (to the musicians): "Enough! no more; 'tis not so sweet now as it was before. Away, before me, to sweet beds of flowers." [Exit.]

Q.—Why should the Duke take his music into the garden?

Bacon: "Smells and other odours are sweeter in the air at some distance, than near the nose, as hath been

touched heretofore. . . . We see that in sounds likewise they are sweetest when we cannot heare every part by itself."

Q.—Have you more to say about south winds and gardens?

Bacon: "In gardens the south wind, when it is stayed, it is so mild that it can scarce be perceived, and odours are sweetest at some distance."

Q. The Duke speaks of the south without the word wind; is that correct?

Bacon: "The smell of violets and roses exceed in sweetness that of spices. Gums and the strongest sort of smells are best in a *west* afaire off."

"MERCHANT OF VENICE." Act IV.

Scene—A Court of Justice.

Portia: "Earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice."

Q.—Explain this sentence.

Bacon; "It is the duty of a judge to enquire not only to the fact, but also as to the circumstances. Judges ought (as far as the law permitteth) in justice to remember mercy. They should imitate God, in Whose seat they sit."

Act V., Scene i.—*Belmont.*

[*The moon shines bright.*]

Lorenzo: "In such a night as this, when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, and they did make no noise. . . . How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit and let the sound of music creep into our ears. Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony."

Q.—What agreement is there between moonlight and music?

Bacon: "Firstly the division and quavering that pleases so much in music have an agreement with the glittering of light, as moonbeams playing . . . upon a wave." "That which is pleasing to the hearing may receive light by that which is pleasing to the sight. Both these pleasures—that of the ear and that of the eye—are but the effect of good proportion of correspondence; so, that, out of question, are the causes of harmony."

Jessica : " I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Q.—Explain how music affects the spirits ?

Bacon : " We see that tunes and airs in their own nature have in themselves affinities with the affections. It is no wonder if they alter the spirits to variety of passions ; yet, generally, music feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth."

Lorenzo : " There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest but in his motion like an angel sings."

Q.—Explain this.

Bacon : " Great motions there are in nature which pass without sound or noise. The heavens turn about in a most rapid motion without noise to be perceived ; so the motions of the comets and fiery meteors yield no noise, though in some dreams they have been said to make excellent music."

Lorenzo : " This muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

[*Portia* and *Nerissa* enter.]

Nerissa : " . . . When the moon shone we did not see the candle."

Q.—Why does she say this ?

Bacon : " It is true, nevertheless, that a great light drowneth a smaller that it cannot be seen."

Portia : " So doth the greater glory dim the less."

. Music—hark !

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day."

Nerissa : " Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam."

Q.—Is that likely to be true ?

Bacon : " Sounds are better heard, and further off, than in the day. The cause is for that in the day when the air is more thin the sound pierceth better, but when the air is more thick (as in the night) the sound spendeth and spreadeth abroad less. As for the night, it is true also that the general silence helpeth."

Q.—One question more and I am done. Why, if you aimed at the reformation of the stage by a new art of modern dramatic poesy, did you write anonymously or under a pseudonym, when you would have earned so much fame as its "inventor?"

Bacon : " In the degrees of human honour amongst the heathen it was the highest to obtain to a veneration and adoration as a god. Such as were inventors and *authors* of

new arts were ever consecrated amongst the gods—Apollo and others ; this unto the Christians is as the forbidden fruit.”

Indeed Francis St. Alban Mystic and Poet ! As I began, so I finish. If any doubt still, let them read what a Latin elegy by a contemporaneous writer has said of him :—

“ ON THE INCOMPARABLE FRANCIS VERULAM.

“ As the beams of the sun in the morning rising
Up from the eastward horizon, he shone as Apollo at noon.
He perceived how all arts and inventions, held fast by no roots,
Would soon perish, like seed cast abroad on the surface.

So he reigned in those Pegasus arts, and
Taught them to grow to a bay-tree,
Like the shaft that was wielded by *Quirinus*.

Having thus taught the Helicon Muses to grow,
And continue increasing,
Age on age cannot lessen his glory.

What effulgence is seen in his eyes !
As though Heaven's beams were upon him,
While he sings of the mysteries celestial.

Our Muses need bring no encomiums ; thyself
Art the singer, full-toned ; thine own verses
Suffice for thy glory.”

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

“King Henry the Fifth is the favourite hero of Shakespeare in English history ; he paints him as endowed with every kingly virtue, one of the finest characters that have proceeded from his master mind.”—(*Introduction to Play Manuals*.)

IF Mrs. Gallup's Biliteral Cipher discoveries are true, as to the royal descent and kingly birthright of Francis St. Alban, commonly called Lord Bacon, nothing would be more natural, than that he should take an immense, and even a personal interest in all his royal forefathers of the Tidir, or Tudor line. Of all these Harry the Fifth, stands out pre-eminent, both for the prowess of his arms, the virtue of his character, and the glory of his short-lived reign. The interest the author of the Plays, took in this King, is manifested by the important parts assigned to him, in the two parts of the Plays of *King Henry the Fourth*, where as Prince of Wales, or heir-apparent, he is introduced so frequently as the companion of Falstaff, Poins, and other wild characters.

It should be observed, as curious that the only four entries of the word *Bacon*, (also that of *St. Albans*, Bacon's home) are to be found in these Plays, and in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which belongs to the same period. And it seems to me, that there is no character in the entire repertory of the Plays, that could afford, by reason of his sudden reformation, a better example for Francis St. Alban to illustrate his ethics upon. For example, Bacon's *Georgics of the Mind* ("Cultura Animi"), i.e., the culture of the intellect, and character, after the manner of the cultivation and reclamation of wild land, is thus illustrated, or hinted at,—with allusion to Prince Henry, afterwards K. Hen. V. :

K. Hen. IV.—Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth
Is overspread with them. (2 *K. Hen. IV.* Act IV. iv.)

Compare Bacon's Essays: "A man's nature runs either to herbs, or weeds; * therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other." (*Of Nature in Men.*)

"We will briefly re-examine and endeavour to open and clear the springs of moral habits, before we come to the doctrine of the *culture or manurance, of the mind*" (p. 337, Liber VI., *Adv. of Learning*, 1640.)

This farming, or dressing of the mind, called culture, finds its immediate echo, in this ironical speech of Falstaff's:—"Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, *like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking,*" etc. (2 *K. Hen. IV.*, Act. IV. iii.)

In commenting upon King Solomon's Proverbs:—"I saw all the living which walk under the sun, with the succeeding young prince, that shall rise up in his stead;" Bacon observes:—"The parable notes the *vanity of men who are wont to press and flock about the designed successors of princes.* The root of this vanity, is that frenzy implanted by nature in the minds of men, which is, that they too extremely affect their own

* As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.—(*Lucrece*, 281.)

"The husbandman cannot command, neither the nature of the earth, nor the seasons of the weather, no more can the physician the constitution of the patient, nor the variety of accidents. So in the culture and cure of the mind of man, two things are without our command; points of nature, and points of Fortune." (*Adv. of Learning*, Book II. *Cultura Animi*, 391). "Moral Philosophy, to which they do essentially appertain; as the knowledge of the diversity of grounds and moulds doth to agriculture." (*Ib.* 394)

projected hopes. For the man is rarely found that is not more delighted with the contemplation of his future hopes than with the fruition of what he possesses.—So further novelty is pleasing to man's nature, and earnestly desired. Now in a successor, a prince, these two concur, Hope and novelty. Yet notwithstanding, princes are not much moved by this fond humour, nor make any great matter of it, but rather smile at the levity of men, *and do not stand to fight with dreams; for Hope (as he said) is but the dream of a man awake*" (p. 387, Liber VIII., *Adv. of Learning*, 1640).

Falstaff answers very closely to this description of men who press and flock about the designed successors, or heir apparents to thrones. For we find him almost the shadow of Prince Henry (afterwards King Hen. V.) in the two Plays of *King Henry the Fourth*. And that he did this with a very vain, and confident expectation of profit, and promotion, upon the king coming in, cannot be doubted, if we study closely the text. So strong was this hope, or this dream, implanted in him, that we find him borrowing one thousand pounds from Justice Shallow, upon the strength of it. Directly Falstaff hears of King Henry the Fourth's death, he confidently exclaims:—

Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the realm, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Falstaff.—Master, Shallow, my lord, Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward.——I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment.
(*K. Hen. IV. Act V. iii.*)

All this, turns out in proof, but a pitiable dream, when the Knight meets the new King! Directly King Henry the Fifth, upon entering Westminster Abbey, perceives Falstaff, he turns his back upon him:—

Fal.—God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!
Pistol.—The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame.
Fal.—God save thee, my sweet boy!
King.—My lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.
Ch. Just.—Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?
Fal.—My King! my Jove! I speak to thee my heart!
King.—I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
*I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit swell'd, so old, and so profane,
But being awaked, I do despise my dream*

(*K. Hen. V. Act V. v.*)

Observe that this passage strongly parallels Bacon's obser-

vations (we have cited) upon *Hope as a waking dream*,* particularly as we perceive, Falstaff is described by the King as a vain man, belonging to the class of parasites, Bacon indicates. In the same passage by Bacon, which I cite at the commencement of this paragraph, upon Solomon's proverb, is this remark as to the crowding of courtiers about the heir apparent, or coming king :—"And this proverb implies the same as that which was said of old, first by Pompey to Sylla, and afterwards by Tiberius respecting Macro : *That there be more who worship the rising than the setting sun.*" (*De Augustis* VIII. ii.)

Cardinal Wolsey exclaims to Cromwell his secretary :—

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master ; seek the King ;
That sun, I pray, may never set.

(*K. Hen. VIII. Act III. ii.*)

In the Sonnets, as I shall presently point out, this solar image is applied to the poet himself, in the light of the royal, or kingly mental faculty he possesses, but which he cannot realize in his own age :—

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.—Sonnet 73.

* Bacon says : "All that which is past is as a dream, and he that hopes, or depends on time coming, *dreams waking.*"—(*Death.*)

Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But, as it were, an after dinner's sleep
Dreaming on both. (*Meas. for Meas. Act. III. i.*)

Observe how Christopher Sly's pretended part, that he plays as a lord, has been conceived entirely in the light of a *waking dream*.

Lord.—What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First. Hus.—Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Sec. Hus.—It would seem strange unto him when he waked,

Lord.—*Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.*
(*"Induction," Taming of the Shrew, Act I. i.*)

Bacon writes :—"The followers of Epimetheus are improvident, see not far before them, and prefer such things as are agreeable for the present, whence they are oppressed with numerous straits, difficulties, and calamities with which they almost continually struggle ; but in the meantime gratify their own temper, and for want of better knowledge of things, feed their minds with many *vain hopes* ; and as with so many *pleasing dreams*, delight themselves and sweeten the miseries of life." (*Prometheus, Wisdom of Ancients*).

It is as the *rising sun* that King Henry the Fifth represents himself, at the commencement of his reign, when about to invade France :—

K. Hen. V.—But I will *rise* there, with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France :
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

—*K. Hen. V.*, Act I. ii.

The following passage explains the idea embraced in the above lines. Richard the Second, beholding himself in a glass, after his deposing, exclaims :—

Was this the face *
That, like the *sun*, did make beholders wink ?

—*Rich. II.*, Act IV. i. 284.

And after his death, Henry the Fifth, is thus described, in the commencement of the first part of the Play of *King Henry the Sixth* :—

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

—Act I. i.

The Chorus of the Prologue, that introduces the Fourth Act of the Play of *King Henry the Fifth*, describes his liberality :—

A largess universal like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to everyone,
Thawing cold fear.

Sir John Falstaff applies the same solar image, (when playing the part of King Henry the Fourth) to the Prince, in mock reproof :—“ Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed *sun of heaven* prove a micher, and eat blackberries ? ” (*1 K. Hen. IV.*, Act II. iv.).

It is most important to point out that the parallel, or poetical simile, *comparing Kings to suns*, is by no means casual in the Plays, but a most constant and philosophical image, endlessly repeated in various ways. Pericles, in describing King Simonides, exclaims :—

* King Henry IV., in reprehending the follies of King Richard the Second, to his son, afterwards King Henry the Fifth, exclaims :—

He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen with but such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sunlike majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes.

—*1 K. Hen. IV.*, Act III. ii.

Yon King's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.

—*Pericles*, Act II. iii.

Francis St. Alban, in his charge to Judges, instructs them thus:—"You that are Judges of Circuits, are as it were the planets of the kingdom. Do therefore as they (the planets do), move always and be carried with the motion of your first mover, which is your sovereign." ("Life," VI. 211.)

This idea Bacon had evidently borrowed from the Persians, who worshipped the sun, for he says:—"Was not the Persian Magic a reduction, or correspondence of the principles and architectures of nature to the rules and policy of government?" (*Adv. of Learning*.) That is to say, the sun is the centre and chief governing principle in the architecture, or great frame of nature. To apply it to policy of government, is to draw the parallel, that the King corresponds as a ruler, to the sun, since everything obeys and circles around him! Saturninus, Emperor of Rome, exclaims of himself:—

Sat.—What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Lucius.—What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act V. iii..

In the Psalms of King David, the same image, or solar parallel, is instituted,* and applied to David himself:—

"His seed shall endure for ever, and his seat is like as the sun before Me." (*Psalms* lxxxix. 35.)

King Henry the Eighth, and Francis the First of France, are thus described:—

Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

—*K. Hen. VIII.*, Act I. i.

As a Prince, and especially before his reformation, Prince Henry (afterwards King Henry the Fifth) had his virtues, talents, and shining parts obscured behind the wild courses that he pursued in the shadow of base companionship, like that of Falstaff, Poins, and others. Nevertheless, the Prince was perfectly aware of his own temporary (and partially pre-

* Bacon writes to King James the First:—"Neither ought a man to make scruple of entering into these things for the inquisition of truth, as your Majesty hath shown in your own example, who with the two clear eyes of religion, and natural philosophy, have looked deeply and wisely into these shadows, and yet proved yourself to be of the nature of the sun, which passeth through pollutions, and itself remains as pure as before." (*Two Books of Adv. of Learning*, Book II.)

tended) eclipse, or lapse, *comparing himself to a sun which is obscured by clouds*. The passage is most important, because it finds a very striking parallel in the Sonnets, and also, because, comparing the parallel with other indications of a like character, *the induction strikes us, that this King has been chosen as a typical figure to represent Francis Bacon himself*.

Prince Henry.—I know you all, and will awhile uphold
 The unyok'd humour of your idleness ;
 Yet herein will I imitate the sun *
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That, when he please to be again himself,
 Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

—1 K. Hen. IV., Act I. ii.

If the following Sonnet is collated with the above soliloquy, the resemblance between both will appear striking, there being every indication to suggest that the author considered his own genius in the light of a literary sun :—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine ;
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

—Sonnet 33.

The subject is pursued in the next two Sonnets.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?

—Sonnet 34.

It is as a *Sun of the world*† that the poet here presents himself, suffering from temporary eclipse at the hands of

* "*Primum Mobile* turns about all the rest of the orbs." (*Promus*, No. 1452). Thus the Sovereign becomes the sun of the solar system he controls. Bacon, on this point observes: "Those that he useth as his substitutes move wholly in his motion." ("Life," IV. 285.) Hamlet exclaims: "I am too much in the sun."

† For footnote see next page.

an age unworthy of him. If the opening monologue of the Play of *K. Richard the Third*, is studied, exactly the same solar simile of eclipse and recovery is repeated, in terms of winter and summer.

Glou.—Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

—*K. Rich. III.*, Act I. i.

If the Sonnets are studied carefully, this idea concealed under various images (gaudy spring) will be discovered very frequently. (See Sonnets 5 and 6.)

Lo ! in the Orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
 And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
 But when from highest pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age he reeleth from the day
 The eyes, 'fore duteous now converted are
 From his low tract and look another way :
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest unless thou get a son.

—Sonnnet 7.

(See Sonnets 20, 21, 27 43.)

Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun.

—Sonnnet 35.

It is a very short step from the metaphor of the sun as applied to monarchy, to the metaphor of the kingly mind, *implied as light, or knowledge*. This step Francis St. Alban evidently took, for he remarks upon Prometheus, who was delivered, or set free by Hercules, that:—"The power of releasing him came from the utmost confines of the ocean, *and from the sun ; that is from Apollo, or knowledge.*" ("Wisdom of the Ancients," "Prometheus, or the State of Man.") And here, exactly with the same imagery of the clouds, is the simile repeated once more, this time applied to wisdom:—

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

† Bacon says: "Princes are like heavenly bodies, which cause good, or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest." (*Essays. Empire.*)

"For the motions of the greatest persons in a government ought to be as the motions of the planets under *Primum Mobile*." (*Essays. Seditions and Troubles.*)

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

*Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.*

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. i.

The whole of the 38th Sonnet is dedicated to the sun,* or Apollo, as an emblem of light, and superlative knowledge, or plenary poetic inspiration.

For who so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself doest give invention light ?
*Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke ;*
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

In the Second Part of the Play of *King Henry the Fourth*, we find the heir-apparent Prince Henry (afterwards King Henry the Fifth) together with Poins, planning to disguise themselves as drawers, and to play a trick upon Sir John Falstaff. The scene is as follows :—

P. Hen.—How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poins.—Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen.—*From a God to a bull ? A heavy declension ! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice ? A low transformation ! That shall be mine : for, in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly.*—2 *King Hen.* IV., Act II. ii.

This merry proposal is carried into effect in the Fourth Scene of this Second Act:—

Fal.—Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. and Poins.—Anon. Anon. Sir. [*Advancing.*]

Fal.—Ha ! a bastard son of the King's ? And art thou not Poins his brother ?

P. Hen.—Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ?

Fal.—A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen.—Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.—*Ib.*, Sc. iv.

Observe that the Prince is playing the part of the mysterious waiter Francis, whose surname we can never learn (unless it be *Anon* ?) whom we have met before, in the First Part of the same Play, in a scene laid in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Poins is instructed by the Prince to pro-

* Compare Sonnet 76 :—

For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

ceed calling "*Francis*" from out of another room of the tavern, while the Prince detains the drawer in conversation. The result is that every time Poins calls out "*Francis*," the latter responds with a brisk "*Anon, Anon.*" It is very difficult to understand this long scene at all, even by the light of the madcap freaks of a wild young Prince, and of his hare-brained companion Poins. Because Poins, who of all men, we must believe to be the best able to comprehend the Prince's humours, makes an observation, which we should do well to consider, before passing a superficial judgment on this scene.

Poins.—But heark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?—1 *K. Hen. IV.*, Act II. 5.

To this challenge the Prince vouchsafes no reply. It is to be observed, that the Prince's sole object is to get the drawer *Francis* to reply to the call of Poins, with the words "*Anon, Anon,*" which meant *presently* (or *by-and-bye*), but held, (and still holds) *another signification* as an abbreviation of *Anonymous*; several poems having come down to us from the Elizabethan period, signed *Anon*!

Observe that the Prince, in instructing Poins how to proceed in his calling, exclaims, "*I'll show you a precedent*" (calling out "*Francis*" at the same time). Now every Christian name is a *precedent to the surname*. In the subsequent exchange of rôle by the prince, with this same waiter *Francis*, of the Boarshead Tavern, Eastcheap (and not with another), there is suggested, *a certain identity of character (through disguise) of Prince Henry and this waiter Francis*! Let me here point out other parallel pages, shadowing forth exactly the same transformations, which it would be wise to study deeply? For example, Prince Florizel, son to the King of Bohemia, presents a close analogy to the case in hand of Prince Henry. In the *Winter's Tale*, Prince Florizel is introduced, disguised as a *poor humble swain, who thus transformed woos Perdita*.

Florizel.—Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The Gods themselves
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : *Jupiter*
Became a bull and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd God
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now.

—*W. Tale Act IV. iv.*

It is plain from this, *Florizel is Apollo, the sun itself*, dis-

guised as a lowly shepherd, but in reality a concealed God and King. Both these princes (Prince Henry and Prince Florizel) compare themselves to the sun; both allude to the same transformation of Jupiter into a bull; both put on the lowest possible disguise! Bacon, in *Observations upon the Vexations of Art* says: "For like as a man's disposition is never well known till he be crossed, *nor Proteus ever changed shapes till he was straightened and held fast*; so the passages and variations of nature cannot appear so fully in the liberty of nature, as in the trials and vexations of art" (*Two Books Advancement of Learning*, 128). We find that actor, King Richard the Third, exclaiming of his disguise, which he intends putting on, as character concealment:

I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages.

—3 *K. Hen. VI.* Act III. ii.

It will be asked, what possible analogy, or likeness, could Francis St. Alban find between himself and King Henry the Fifth? The best answer to this, is to point out, that the drawing of parallels between remote lives of kings and other great men, was a favourite pastime with Bacon. The fact stands that King Henry the Fifth has been compared to Alexander the Great (in the play), and without citing the entire passage, this is noteworthy:—

Fluellen.—If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; *for there is figures in all things*. Alexander (God knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and angers, kill his best friend, Clytus.

Gower.—Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu.—It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finish'd. *I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it*. As Alexander killed his friend, Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits, and his good judgments turned away, the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jests and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow.—Sir John Falstaff.

—*K. Hen. V.* Act IV. vii.

It was just these *figures and comparisons* which fascinated, and drew the attention of Francis St. Alban. It is to be observed that the character of King Henry the Fifth has been drawn not without hints for the poet's character. Thus he is described mounting his horse:—

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus.

—1 *K. Hen. IV.* Act IV. i.

If Bacon was thinking of himself, here is the connotation between the heir-apparent and the poetic steed of inspiration. Indeed, King Henry V. is described as just such a scholar as Bacon would have loved.

Canterbury.—Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study.

That when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

—*K. Hen. V. Act I. i.*

The reformation of the king was sudden, complete, and is thus described :—

Considerations like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him ;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
To envelop and contain Celestial spirits
Never was such a sudden scholar made ;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance scouring faults.

—*K. Hen. V. Act I. i.*

The lines placed in italics explains a passage in the Play of *Othello*, "*Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners* : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, *either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry.* Why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills" (*Othello* I. iii).

This is Bacon's "*culture and manurance of the mind*" (*cultura animi*), being one of the deficiencies of his "New World of Science," entitled (in the *De Augmentis*) "*Georgics of the Mind.*" The real Paradise can only be realized on this earth, by people who are conditioned to produce it. And the term has been truly conceived (as its Greek *Paradeisos* original indicates) *as a nursery garden*, in which culture has done its utmost ! Outward circumstances cannot contribute, so much as inward conditions to man's happiness on earth. There are plenty of terrestrial paradises on this planet, but "man's inhumanity to man, still makes countless millions mourn," in spite of these beauty spots. Truly Bacon realized all the force of ethic, in the saying, "*The Kingdom of Heaven is within.*" That is to say, the first way to realize God's will

on earth (as it is in Heaven), is by what Bacon calls, *the perfection of man's form*. "His approach or assumption to Divine or angelical nature *is the perfection of his form*; the error or false imitation of which good, is that which is the *tempest of human life*, while man upon the instinct of an advancement, formal and essential, is carried to seek an advancement local" (*Two Books Advancement of Learning* Book II.). Bacon evidently fully understood what we call evolution, or in Professor Drummond's words, "The Ascent of Man."

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

RAMBLING NOTES ON THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

BY COLONEL COLOMB.

ALTHOUGH to some of the most eminent Baconians the Rosicrucian Mystery, and the full unravelling thereof has more of interest than the question of the authorship of the Shakespear Plays: we cannot forget, that as masses of people cling to the associations of Stratford-on-Avon, and to an old FAITH—for such the enthusiastic belief in the glorious personality of the Woolstapler, Glover, or Butcher's son virtually is—there is still much to be done in the way of discovering fresh proofs of the GRAND SECRET, which Mrs. Potts (queen of specialists) and Ignatius Donnelly illuminated; and which the recent works of Mr. Bompas and Judge Webb have so brilliantly displayed. If a preference seems to be given to Judge Webb's book, Mr. Bompas has made it difficult for the admirers of Mr. Sydney Lee's wonderful biography of W. S. to believe that the Shakespear Plays can any longer show any true connection with the actual life of the quondam youth, who for 22 years or so lived on the banks of the Avon, helping his illiterate companions to snare hares and rabbits, kill deer, and drink beer in that neighbourhood. On the contrary, a careful study of those two books—that by Mr. Bompas and that by Mr. Sydney Lee—is apt to bring harmless and innocent folks to the conclusion that the incidents in the life of Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban and Lord Verulam—as Mr. Bompas has traced them—show the most startling and vivid connec-

tion with the Shakespeare Plays. In fine, if we treat the question as if it were the report of legal proceedings—the important case of *Bompas v. Lee* has ended in a victory for the former. It is, however, premature to boast. An appeal bringing forward new evidence—in *BACONIANA*, perhaps (!)—may revise or modify the verdict. One word more in favour of Judge Webb's remarkable work. We think that one result of its publication will be that we may cease to hear from the newspapers that a Baconian must be a "lunatic."

As we hinted above, there is still much to be done before the general public wholly change their mind as regards the authorship of *THE PLAYS*.

Those who have visited the beautiful old church at Stratford-on-Avon, and who have not too critically examined the copper effigy in the chancel (or dwelt too much upon the illiterate and strangely spelt epitaph, supposed to be the composition of W. S. himself, which was *revised* many years ago) and who have on a fine summer evening gazed on the placid river gliding past tall trees, with graceful white swans slowly sailing on its surface, or who have heard in drawing-rooms and concert-rooms, in their earlier days, the beautiful music of Dr. Arne, wedded to nearly immortal verse :—

"Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal thy Shakespear would dream !
The fairies by moonlight dance round the green bed—
For hallowed the turf is that pillows his head !"

or who have fallen in love with the accepted but not too genuine portrait—so different from that which ? adorns the folio of 1623, "wherein," as Ben Jonson says :—

—"the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life !"

namely, to *flatter* rather than copy accurately the features and expression of W. S. (!)

Those, we say, who have been swayed by these controlling fancies and associations—and what a multitude there are who are still so swayed !—are much more likely to console themselves by the study of Mr. Sydney Lee's wonderful biography than by pondering over hard facts printed in *BACONIANA*.

But *Magna est veritas* ! It may be that pilgrimages to St. Albans may ere long be organised on a large scale by Messrs. Cook and Son, and that divers localities in that

neighbourhood may even draw inconveniently large crowds of people, who may at length conclude that "native wood-notes wild" may have had their origin quite as naturally, near Gorhambury, as in those regions where W. S. and Anne Hathaway passed their youth.

Messrs. Cook and Son, indeed, might reflect upon the pregnant fact, that, while Stratford-on-Avon is not once mentioned in the Shakespear Plays, St. Albans is alluded to over and over again.

The valuable discovery recently noted—that Francis Bacon was apparently in the habit of presenting MS. copies of his effusions to eminent persons who may have been his admirers or friends, as, for instance, to the Earl of Northumberland, should stimulate research.

Sir Walter Scott—whose case is so strangely parallel to that of Bacon—had a staunch band of associates, who did not betray the secret of "The Great Unknown." And it is not at all impossible that there were perhaps half a dozen men who kept Bacon's secret sacred—and, like him, carried it to their tombs.

It has been suggested that if Scott had not become a bankrupt "The Great Unknown" might have remained "The Great Unknown," in which case there might have been a SCOTT SOCIETY, scorned and laughed at for a certain period as "lunatics."

If we may venture to make a suggestion, it might be well to enquire diligently who the men were who were most likely to be entrusted by Francis Bacon with entire confidence?

Among these, most certainly, we might mention that eminent lawyer—who if he had not been too old (as Clarendon hints) might have left the Long Parliament, that body so hostile to the drama, and, we might add, to the fine arts*—and have gone to King Charles at Oxford; for he was not at all favourable in reality to revolutionary Puritans. Need we name the author of *Mare Clausum*, the eminent Selden. But if Selden knew—and he was mentioned in the first drafts of Bacon's will, as one of those who were to decide what works of Bacon were to be selected from the vast pile of MSS. left behind for posthumous publication—if he knew, we say, that poetic effusions in a dramatic form were Bacon's—it is pretty certain that he would have consigned them all to flames! For he left on record his opinion that

* Witness the great sale at Somerset House, 1648—9, of the decapitated King's splendid collection of pictures and works of art.

gentlemen of high position should not meddle with POETRY, or at least should not allow the public to know they did !

It might be otherwise with Essex or Southampton. As it is possible that Southampton contributed to the expenses of erecting the Globe Theatre on behalf of Bacon, by giving him (and not Shakspeare) £1,000, it seems just possible that he, *i.e.*, Southampton, would not have burnt Bacon's offerings to the Muses ; and that by some chance in some odd corner of press or bookshelf, some descendant, collateral or otherwise, may be the unconscious possessor of some priceless fragment in Bacon's hand, given by Bacon to the Earl. Is it quite certain that the Historical Commission has unearthed anything ?

Let us now touch upon another subject. Had not ESSEX something to do with Bacon's *nom de plume*, or mask, and with the enterprise which Southampton assisted financially ? We know how anxious Essex was to relieve the necessities of his faithful follower. Might not the favours of Essex have been secretly and cryptogramatically acknowledged by Bacon "The Great Unknown" of that age ? Is it too far-fetched a speculation, that SX—a monogram still preserved on the gates at the entrance of Cassiobury, near Watford, the residence of the present Lord Essex—may be the germ of the name so long accepted as that of the author of THE PLAYS ? Observe that SX may be easily transformed into SW, for in the form of an equation $X = 10 - VV$ or twice 5. Necessity for concealment would involve reading the letters backwards—S. W. appearing as W. S.

The fitting of the full title of "William Shakespeare" would take place when it was decided that a name was necessary to be assumed, more completely to mask the "concealed poet." Before the full *nom de plume* appeared on any of the Plays, W. S. was assumed to be intended for "Wentworth Smith." So that it looks as if it took time to decide what individual should be credited with the authorship of quarto edition, &c.

There is nothing fantastic in supposing that Bacon, who was as full of mirthful jests as he was of superlative wisdom, and who also was a grand inventor of cryptograms, should deal seriously with trifles, contrive anagrams, and even write and spell words backwards for a purpose, though *we* may be accused of carrying speculation "to ridiculous XS (!)"*

It is well known that some suspect MIRANDA in the

Tempest to personify THE PLAYS, while PROSPERO is accepted as representing Bacon's philosophical works.

As to Miranda, it is curious to note that VERULAM—the name which Bacon chose for his title—can be twisted into something exactly like the compliment paid by Ferdinand to Miranda, if we resort to a little manipulation.

"O you wonder!" cries Ferdinand (*Tempest* I. 2). Now, a "wonder" is a "marvel," and the phrase may be legitimately changed into—O. U. MARVEL!

The anagram of this is—O VERULAM! We can imagine such trifles amusing a few choice companions. It might be part of Bacon's recreations to mock at his own creations and secret.

We are not done yet. It is suspected by many that the author of "Marlowe's mighty line," as Ben Jonson has it, was Bacon himself—that is, that the name "Marlowe" was, like that of Shakespeare, one of Bacon's masks, and that the youthful Bacon (?) just returned from the French Court, and not the quondam wild Canterbury boy, wrote *Dr. Faustus*, *Tambourlaine*, and *The Jew of Malta*, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and the *First Part of Henry VI.*, &c.

It will appear on examination that O. U. MARVEL (the apostrophe to the peerless maiden, Miranda) can at once be twisted into the name

MARLOWE;

thus, putting v for its equivalent u, and then adding the two v's together, to make a w, MARLOUVE becomes MARLOWE.

One more quibble. If we take the NOVUM ORGANUM to be a sort of embodiment of Bacon's philosophy, represented by Prospero in the *Tempest*, we are entitled to look for its feminine. It is to be found in the AVON, if that soft flowing stream be turned backwards. "Sweet swan of AVON!" is an expression invented by (?) Ben Jonson and applied to the author of THE PLAYS.

AVON spelt backwards, according to this suggestion, may have more to do with St. Albans than with the dirty little town of Stratford of former times. Therefore, if NOVUM ORGANUM represents Bacon's philosophy, NOVA may be taken as designating Bacon's poetry—i.e., THE PLAYS, &c. (Q.E.D.)

Shifting our ground, how singular it is to reflect that Hamlet, showing his scorn of those decorated but empty-headed courtiers Rosen-Kranz and Guilden Stern, and lecturing upon "the recorder," or pipe (reminding us of the PIPE of

Calliope, Queen of the Muses), which can "discourse most excellent music," calls this pipe a "little ORGAN." The NOVUM ORGANUM was therefore his *great* ORGAN, which, according to our interpretation, had its feminine—the *little* ORGAN—which the stupid courtiers "knew no touch of," and yet wanted to play upon Hamlet.

Was not Bacon here, with Hamlet as his mouthpiece, alluding to his "works of recreation?"

Talking of *Hamlet*, it has been very commonly concluded that in this Play, Shakspeare—*i.e.*, the man of Stratford-on-Avon—is revealed, and that Hamlet is Shakspeare. It once, however, we get it well into our heads that Hamlet is Francis Bacon, suspicions are raised in favour of Mrs. Gallup's discoveries, which the writer of this article has not yet been able fully to accept, involving, as those discoveries do, such fearful complications.

But, indeed, the story of a Prince deprived of his birth-right, and of his succession to a throne by an uncle, brings to mind Bacon's relations with an uncle who seemed to be rather his enemy than his friend.

* * * * *

Singularly enough, the article in "The National Biography," which chronicles the life of the famous Earl of Leicester of Elizabethan times, might be almost imagined to have inspired Mrs. Gallup, or at least to have prompted her curious researches! While informing us that Leicester was at least the stepfather of Essex, this article alludes to the remarkable friendship subsisting between "the maiden Queen" and Leicester at a very early period of their lives, and to the scandalous comments made by foreigners and others at different times upon it.

It will be remembered that when Sneer, commenting upon incidents in Mr. Puff's *Tragedy Rehearsed*, put the leading question of: "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?" Mr. Puff replied: "Oh, lud, no!" Probably Mrs. Gallup, and the author of the Leicester article in "The National Biography," were each quite as innocent of censorious suggestions as Mr. Puff.

As regards Mrs. Gallup—constant assertions of the simplicity of her character, and of the *bona-fide* nature of her, researches have been recently made. Anyone who carefully studies the language and incidents in the Play of *Hamlet* cannot fail to be struck with the realism of the story of the

disappointed heir to a throne tricked out of his rights by the villainy of near relatives. How entirely inapplicable is the conception of "the courtier, scholar, soldier"—"the expectancy and rose of the fair state"—lamenting his unfortunate experiences and situation, to the Stratford-on-Avon individual, who ought to have been extremely well satisfied with his advancement from hungry poacher and livery-stable boy to the lucrative post of business manager of the Globe Theatre! How ill does the well-known soliloquy harmonize with the probable experiences of W. S.! how exactly with those of Francis Bacon! Think of the words:

"For who would bear the whips and scorns o' the time;
The oppressor's wrong; the proud man's contumely;
The pangs of disprized love; the law's delay;
The insolence of office; and the spurns,
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself could," &c.

Here we realise the neglect shown to Bacon, not only by Queen Elizabeth, but by his own relatives. His uncle and his cousin seemed, both of them, to have been envious of his superior abilities. Unlike W. S., he was disappointed in love. Until somewhat late in life his ambition was thwarted. That expression, "the law's delay," plainly applies to "the Solicitor-Generalship," promised by Queen Elizabeth, but never given; for it was not till after her death that he got any preferment of importance.

"The insolence of office, and the spurns,
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

what a diorama do these culminating words, prompting suicide, unfold! Truly it is a greater miracle that a man at his best, something after the pattern of the late Druriolanus, should have conceived such a character as the Prince of Denmark, than that Francis Bacon should have been obliged to conceal his authorship. That obligation, in our humble opinion, was far more cogent than most Baconians imagine. But we must now conclude our rambling comments and remarks. Baconians are multiplying, and Baconian pens are gradually assuming something of the appearance and quality of the plumage of the porcupine. The glorifiers of Francis Bacon cannot any longer be trampled upon with impunity.

We often think of that wondrous collection of Baconian marvels, which are contained in a certain mansion at no great

distance from the Athenæum Club. Remembering those rare first editions, and their startling frontispieces, we are inclined to consider that mansion—if not as the headquarters—at least as one of the principal temples of Baconian knowledge and progress.

P.S.—Should this valuable Journal, as some propose, be issued monthly instead of quarterly—it might be possible to add, as a Supplement to each number, a kind of Baconian NOTES and QUERIES. In such a Supplement parallel passages (*newly* discovered) in the PLAYS and in the writings of Bacon—or of his supposed "masks," might be inserted—to be commented on in a succeeding number. If the question had to be considered—perhaps a trifling charge *per* line might be imposed.

"A HUMBLE REMONSTRANCE."

IN his paper under this title, Mr. Parker Woodward maintains his original contentions, and brings forward others in support of Mrs. Gallup's "Bi-literal Cipher" to which, I trust, I may be allowed to refer.

So far as I am aware, no English historian except Miss Strickland ever suggested that there "must have been a secret understanding established between them (Elizabeth and Leicester) while prisoners." Miss Strickland is very far from reliable; and we find in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that "she lacked the judicial temper and critical mind necessary for dealing in the right spirit with original authorities. This, in conjunction with her extraordinary devotion to Mary Queen of Scots, prejudicially detracts from the value of her conclusions. The popularity of her books is in a great measure due to their trivial gossip and domestic details." She detested Elizabeth, and any story about her was good enough for insertion in her so-called *Life* of the Queen—more especially if it had the flavour of that of Elizabeth's relations with Seymour.

As to the reports of the ambassadors, who, according to Mr. Woodward, were "doing to the best of their opportunities the work they were in England for, namely, to represent and keep informed their potentates of what was going on," their information is entirely credited by Mr. Woodward; but such information as that of De Quadra that "One public rumour

credits Elizabeth with having some children already. Of this I have seen no trace, and *do not believe it* ; " and again, " that Elizabeth was incapable of maternity," is scarcely favourable to his argument that the Queen was the mother of Bacon and Essex.

Mr. Woodward tells me that " the date of the birth of the younger (Francis) is recorded, that of Anthony unrecorded and unknown." The date of Anthony's *birth* may be unrecorded, but every biographer agrees that it took place in 1558. What are *not* known are the exact date of his *death* and the place of interment.

Mr. Woodward scouts the statement of Rawley (Bacon's secretary)—" a useful red herring" he calls it—that Sir Nicholas Bacon died before arranging for a provision for his youngest son, but till the Cipher Story is proved, I incline to that statement rather than to the theory that Sir Nicholas left the duty to the Queen to perform, as she was his " mother"—a " mother" who kept her " son" from office till the day of her death, in spite of the solicitations of her other " son," Essex. To make a digression, nothing would better describe Bacon's position at that time than the *111th* Sonnet :—

" O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Is it not possible the " harmful deeds" refer to Bacon's extravagance and debts, and that " public means which public manners breed," refer to play-writing? How could the name of Shakspeare—a butcher's son—receive a brand by writing plays? It is certain the name of Bacon—a Lord Keeper's son—would receive such a brand, and his nature would be " subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Mr. Woodward next informs us that Rawley is wrong in stating that Sir Nicholas's money was " dividable amongst five brethren," as " even adding Francis, there were not five brothers." I always understood Sir Nicholas was survived by eight children—five sons, and three daughters—*viz.*, Nicholas, Nathaniel, Edward, Anthony, and Francis, Anne, Jane, and Elizabeth. Including Francis, therefore, there *were* " five brothers." But perhaps Hepworth Dixon and the

"Dictionary of National Biography" are both wrong in this respect.

Mr. Woodward says that Bacon only opposed one subsidy—"the treble subsidy." He will find that in March, 1593, he had previously opposed another subsidy—his amendments being accepted by the Queen and House of Commons, and the Bill passed. As to the suggestion of Mr. Woodward that Elizabeth employed Bacon to prosecute Essex in order to save his life by not handling him too severely in the trial, Bacon appeared most unwillingly against his friend, but it was his speech, especially his references to the treasons of Pisistratus and the Duc de Guise, which convicted him. Is it not as likely that the Queen's action was instigated by the fact that Essex had been her *favourite*, and not necessarily that he was her *son*? Essex was condemned to death, and executed with the consent of his "mother," as Mr. Woodward says, in a fit of passion. There was little repentance for this fit, however, for when Bacon drew up his "Declaration," the Queen read it, and rebuked him with—"It is my Lord of Essex, my Lord of Essex on every page; you cannot forget your old respect for the *traitor*; strike it out; make it Essex, or the late Earl of Essex," not a very likely remark if she had been the "mother" of Essex. Besides, if Elizabeth had wished to bring Essex to submission—all that she wanted to do, according to Mr. Woodward—there were other means of doing so, by imprisonment, for instance, which would have been as effective, and cruel enough at the hands of any mother. This execution of a rebellious son by his mother needs a little more explanation than Mr. Woodward has yet vouchsafed. I am not yet prepared to accept the CIPHER reason as Gospel. As Mr. Woodward says, "I prefer the contemporary documents."

Mr. Woodward holds that I am wrong in stating that "there are a number of letters by Francis to Lady Anne in answer to letters *from* [not *to*] her," and says that only *four* letters from Francis to her have ever been printed; of these, one was, and another may have been, a reply." *Both* were replies. The one is printed at page 50 of the "Personal Life" and begins, "I received this afternoon at the Court your letter," and the other on the next page, "I most humbly thank you for your letter."

As to Bacon's marriage, three years after the Queen's death, Mr. Woodward's argument evidently is that the Queen prevented Bacon from marrying sooner; but, unfortunately

for this theory, Bacon made an unsuccessful effort to woo Lady Hatton when he was 36, and had she accepted him it is certain neither Queen, Lords, nor Commons would have held back the marriage. Coke, however, secured her, and Bacon had a lucky escape.

As to Bacon's marriage attire, Mr. Woodward says :—"Having ventured to note that Francis was married in kingly purple—'from cap to shoe'—Mr. Stronach tells me the kingly reference is only to the mantle! I therefore surrender the doublet, hose, cap and shoes." What Mr. Woodward previously asked was, "When he did marry, why array himself in kingly purple? 'Purple from cap to shoe,' says the chronicler of the event? And Mr. Stronach replied, "Because he could afford the extravagance. Mr. Woodward ought to have known that with reference to a monarch, the words 'kingly purple' apply to the mantle or robe that is worn, not to the purple *doublet and hose*." What is wrong with this? The term "the purple," or "kingly purple," as he puts it, is surely different from the simple word "purple?" I am not yet aware that because a monarch's *robes* are purple, that therefore a subject who weds in a purple *doublet and hose*—which a monarch doesn't wear—arrogates to himself royal state and power. Can Mr. Woodward not draw a distinction between the simple purple *suit* in which Bacon was married and the "kingly purple" *mantle* in which Edward VII. was crowned? His argument is childish. I would say the same with regard to Bacon's "arrogation" when the King was absent in Scotland, when the Queen and Prince of Wales visited Bacon, and Buckingham sent him a letter of congratulation on his judicious conduct in the King's absence. They would be the first, I maintain, to have resented any such assumption of royal state.

Mr. Woodward also states that "the will of Bacon [in which he desires to be buried beside his mother at St. Michael's] is not to be found, nor is it established that the Queen is not buried at St. Alban's," and that the expression "mother" may mean "foster mother," namely, Lady Anne. Well, the will was made on 19th December, 1625, and Bacon died on 9th April, 1626. The original will is certainly not in Doctors' Commons, but was delivered out on 30th July, 1627. But an exact copy of the original appears in the "Regr. Curie. Prærog. Cantuar.," and was certified by the depute registrar, when the executors renounced their trust on 13th July, 1627. This copy, with the Registrar's

certificate, will be found on page 559, Vol. II., of Blackbourne's edition of Bacon's *Works*, 1730. And not only does Bacon in this will desire to be buried beside his mother at St. Michael's, but he bequeaths "a set of his books to the library of St. Bennet College, *where my father was bred.*" Was it the Earl of Leicester or Sir Nicholas Bacon who was bred at this College? Perhaps, however, Bacon again only refers to his "foster father." As to the possibility of Queen Elizabeth having been buried at St. Alban's, it is a matter of history that the Queen "was buried with great magnificence in Westminster Abbey." James I. erected a noble monument over the grave where her remains lay side by side with those of her sister Mary. Probably it will be ascertained by the Cipher Story that her body was resurrected and conveyed to St Albans. As to Lady Anne being simply Bacon's "foster mother," I prefer to read the word as it stands in the will, and in the subscription of Bacon's letters to Lady Anne, "Your ladyship's most obedient son," and in the body of another letter where she is described as having been "a wise and kind mother to us both." Mother, or no mother, she was certainly kinder to Francis than Queen Elizabeth ever was.

But the most interesting portion of Mr. Woodward's "Remonstrance" is the confidence with which he, a Baconian, launches out with the following statement:—"Two gentlemen of respectability, against whose character no breath of suspicion has come down to us, Messrs. Heminge and Condell, in the lifetime of Lord Bacon affirmed that the Plays in the First Folio of 1623 were written by their deceased fellow actor, Shakespeare. Their statement is confirmed by a well-known contemporary dramatist named Jonson. It is uncontradicted by any writing of Bacon left for publication after his death."

Mr. Woodward must have been asleep for many years if he is not aware that even eminent Shakespearians controvert his statement that Heminge and Condell were "two gentlemen of respectability, against whose character no breath of suspicion has come down to us." What does the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University, say on this point?

"Who, then, were the editors of the First Folio, and how far are they entitled to credit? . . . It is, then, common honesty and veracity which are in dispute. . . . But these men were 'unscrupulous and unfair' in their selection, their whole conduct 'inspires' distrust. . . . In short, the

authority of the Folio is uniformly rejected, the assertions of its editors discredited. . . . The theory which convicts the editors as knaves is deserving of more attention than that which lets them escape as fools, who published without looking a title page or preface. And for this reason, there have been editors capable of the imposition practised upon the public according to the former theory; there never were men capable of the folly suggested by the latter. They . . . succeeded in imposing on the simple guileless Ben Jonson [Mr. Woodward's 'well-known contemporary dramatist'] who was induced to lend the authority of his great name to their undertaking."

Pretty strong epithets, applied by a Shakespearean to Mr. Woodward's "gentlemen of respectability, against whose character," &c., "unscrupulous," "inspires distrust," "discredited," "knaves," "impostors." No wonder, as a Baconian, I do not believe so much in "Messrs. Heminge and Condell" as Mr. Woodward appears to do.

Then Dr. Ingleby says:—"I suppose I must cite the ostensible editors of the first collection of Shakespeare's works . . . but, unfortunately for their credit and our own satisfaction, their prefatory statement contains, or at least suggests, what they must have known to be false." Dr. Aldis Wright, the editor of the Cambridge Shakespeare, makes the same charge. "Messrs. Heminge and Condell" were, therefore, liars.

Next, Mr. Morgan writes:—"It must appear that it was actually these very men, Heminge and Condell, and not the other publishers, who were utterers of 'stolen and surreptitious copies.'" "Messrs. Heminge and Condell" were, therefore, reseters of stolen goods.

Now, all these authorities quoted are ardent opponents of the Baconian cause. They don't believe in Mr. Woodward's estimate of "Messrs. Heminge and Condell's" character. Neither do I—and there are some Baconians who agree with me in my belief.

Dr. Theobald sums up the argument very conclusively when he writes in his "Shakespeare Studies," p. 35, "Bacon writes of himself as a 'concealed poet.' One argument against his supposed Shakespearean authorship is derived from the concealment involved. It is contended that if Bacon had written 'Shakespeare' some indications of this would certainly appear in his correspondence, or in that of his personal friends, some of whom must have shared the secret with him. If Bacon himself wished to conceal this fact, he would, doubt-

less, do so very effectually, and would pledge his friends (especially Ben Jonson, John Heminge, and Henry Condell), to respect his incognito. The reasons for this secrecy are not difficult to conjecture, and have been so fully discussed by Baconian writers that I need not here dilate upon them (see Reed's 'Bacon v. Shakespeare,' p. 124; Donnelly's 'Great Cryptogram,' I., 246)." I may also refer to Donnelly, pp. 89—99, especially for the value of Ben Jonson's testimony, and to Mr. Bompas's and Justice Webb's recent books, where the "testimony" is knocked to pieces.

GEORGE STRONACH.

MRS. GALLUP AND MR. MALLOCK'S ARTICLE IN
"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

To the Editors of "Baconiana."

THE suggestion has reached me that I prepare a paper for the next issue of the Magazine upon the Italic letters that Mr. Mallock, in his article in *The Nineteenth Century* for July, omitted from the analysis of a dozen lines from the Folio, and those which he characterised as doubtful.

Allow me to thank you for the opportunity to complete a work Mr. Mallock has so ably begun. It is, however, impracticable to prepare this in time for the October Number. The condition of my eyes is such at present that I should hardly attempt so close study now; and, again, I should be obliged to have access to an original Folio, corresponding to those Mr. Mallock examined, to point out the differences as they would appear to him. The nearest original is in the Lenox Library, New York, nearly a thousand miles distant. As the particular letters which seem to him doubtful are not indicated in the article, I should be unable to determine which to describe.

Mr. Mallock is to be congratulated upon his success. What I most wish to do, and in this I invoke the aid of the Society, is to impress upon all Baconians the importance of continuing the work along this line of investigation. Had I confined my examination to a single page and given up the work after the determination—admittedly correct—of seventy-five per cent. of the letters, abandoning further study before I had satisfied myself as to the remainder, the fifty-two works now deciphered would still hold their secrets.

I have ventured to ask Mr. Mallock, personally, if he would not apply similar study to some other work better printed, and with clearer type, suggesting that it be something not yet deciphered, and naming the 1623 Edition of *De Augmentis*. This is a fine specimen, typographically, and the volumes well preserved. Copies are in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, and there is a fine copy in the private library of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence. Mr. Mallock's success—and I have no doubt

he would succeed—in this independent research would be convincing to him and to his many readers and friends, and the decipherment would not only demonstrate the existence and use of the Cypher, but would add to our knowledge of the hidden work.

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (FOR JULY) AND AFTER.

DEAR EDITORS OF "BACONIANA,"—Now that Mr. Mallock has given us the result of the "systematic examination" of the Biliteral Cypher that he announced at the end of last year his intention of making—What is his verdict? As a man of reputation, who approached the subject with an open mind, not giving hasty credence to the Cypher, but only claiming for it that it deserved enquiry, his considered judgment, if a definite one, would naturally have had immense weight. If adverse to the alleged Cypher it would, doubtless, have been regarded as final by the large majority; if favourable, it could not have been ignored by the public, and must have gone far towards making the Cypher a live issue. That being so, it is a pity that Mr. Mallock's six months incubation has produced nothing definite. Whether he has come to any conclusion, and if so to what, is almost a puzzling question itself. In his July article he says:—

"My own personal opinion, such as it is, is based on facts which, so far as I can see, are clearly verifiable by the eye. Reduced to their smallest dimensions these facts are as follows. The italic passages in the First Folio are undoubtedly printed in what Bacon calls a bi-formed alphabet." And in reference to the "test passage" he says:—

"I may be in error in my supposition; but it seems to me difficult, if we base an opinion on this passage, to avoid the conclusion that a Cypher really exists; and that those who put the idea aside as though it were not worth considering, do not know what they are talking about."

These passages are the nearest approach to a conclusion that I can find in his article, and would have reasonably been supposed to be intended as his verdict, had he not soon followed his July article with a letter which appeared in *The Times* of August 15th, in which he represents the state of his mind as follows:—

"I am not a convert. On the contrary I think it possible, perhaps probable, that her whole theory is a delusion." He further says in the same letter:—

"Thus, from a typographical point of view, there are many facts which indubitably support Mrs. Gallup, and many others which seem altogether to discredit her. These last are sufficiently numerous and important to destroy all credence in her theory (though they must increase our estimate of her truly astonishing ingenuity), unless she can herself explain them in a clear and systematic manner."

Whether in the future it be proved that the Cypher exists, or whether it be shown to be a delusion, Mr. Mallock will be able to point to one or

other of his hedging and oracular deliverances as having foreshadowed the accepted result, but can he be regarded as in any way a guide or authority on the question at the present moment? Which way is he guiding us? What is his decision? Has he any real opinion one way or the other? Has he got beyond sitting on the fence? Can we even say that he is more inclined to come down on the one side than on the other? If not, neither he himself nor anyone else is any forwarder for his "systematic enquiry." Far from having accomplished the "decisive test" to which he was going to bring the matter, it appears that he has not even been able to make up his own mind about it, and probably no one is better aware that he has failed in his undertaking, or is more disappointed thereat, than he is himself; for like those expeditions which start with high hopes of reaching the Pole but fail to get to it, he started with the confident expectation that his enquiry would ascertain the truth or falsehood of the Cypher, and he has ended without having reached his goal, or even got anywhere near it, and with his personal opinion still in a nebulous stage. Here is the prospectus of his voyage in his own words on Mrs. Gallup's theory from *The Times* of December 31st, 1901:—

"Regarded as a subject of inquiry, its great merit lies in the fact that its truth or falsehood can be ascertained by purely mechanical means, such as photographic enlargements of the text, coupled with a systematic examination of them. . . . Pending such an examination, which I intend to undertake myself, other arguments appear to me a waste of time."

How sadly Mr. Mallock's performance has fallen short of his promise. Instead of having ascertained anything, he can now only invite Mrs. Gallup to explain.

G. B. ROSHER.

August 21st, 1902.

P.S.—If anyone should be inclined to conjecture that I may have made a misleading use of short quotations I invite him to read the July article and the August letter carefully, and consider for himself whether the quoted passages do not represent the positions Mr. Mallock takes on the two occasions. If they had been consistent, and he had pledged himself to some definite view, I should probably have desired to say something about his methods of inquiry, but in the present circumstances it does not seem worth while to discuss them, as they have led him to no definite conclusion.

To the Editors of "Baconiana."

DEAR SIRS,—Referring to my communication to your April issue I would like to say that Mrs. Gallup has kindly forwarded to me particulars of her work in relation to the Cipher paragraph extracted by her from "The Parascève," a counterpart of which appears in Bacon's "Henry VII." I noticed a few differences in spelling, to which I invited Mrs. Gallup's attention. As I anticipated, they turned out to be printer's errors in her book. It is, of course, unfortunate that such errors exist, but when one reflects that a comparison of the manuscript with the printer's proof would have to be made, not word by word, but letter by letter, it is easy to

understand how such errors would creep in. I am convinced that Mrs. Gallup will be able to establish her position. Certain of her critics seem perfectly reckless in their attacks, and to anyone who will give sufficient time and attention (and, unfortunately, much is wanted) to the subject, it is obvious they are engaged in the interesting process of preparing rods for their own backs.

Permit me to thank your correspondent, "C. I. Shawcross," for the great amount of trouble he has taken in noting particulars of the head-pieces and tail-pieces of the Second and Third Folios.

In reply to Mr. Wigston's enquiry, the name "Tidder" is used for "Tudor" in the 1622, 1628, 1629 and 1641 English Editions of "Henry VII.;" and "Tidderus" appears three times and "Tidderi" once in each of the Latin Editions of 1638 and 1662.

Strong evidences of Cipher arrangement appear in the several Editions of "Henry VII." I must not take up much more of your space, but I may perhaps be allowed to mention that I have compared the 1622, 1628 and 1641 Editions in some detail, and I find that, leaving differences in spelling and contractions out of sight, only one catch-word differs in the two books of 1622 and 1628; and that, comparing 1622 with 1641, there are only eight differences, and seven differences between 1628 and 1641. On page 239 in the 1622, 1628, 1629 and 1641 Editions, the word "aloft" appears in each of these Editions as "aLoft." It is also printed in a noticeable manner on page 135 of the 1676 Edition, where it is given as "A-loft." Bacon's signature will be noticed on pages 152, 153 and 154 of each of the four first-named Editions.

On page 152 the catch-word is "Royall."

On page 153 the printer's signature is "X."

On page 154 the catch-word is "TID."

X=10, and the Lambeth MSS. show that 10=F. So that we have "Royall F. Tid" (or Tidder).

A striking instance of this kind of thing is found on page 69 of the 1629 *Advancement of Learning*. The words "prince," "poet," "philosopher" appear on this page at the ends of their respective lines: the page contains a mention of "two adoptive brethren." The last line but one ends with "ex" (F), and the last line with "Royall ver." This gives us "F. Royall Ver" (or Verulum),

Yours faithfully,

A. J. WILLIAMS.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
A. A. L.	103	Cowley	168
Ajax	64	Crosby Hall	10
Anatomy of Melancholy	98, 99	Cupid	66-75
Aquinas, St. Thomas	174	Cymbeline	15, 16
Arbuthnot, Mr. F. F.	11		
Aristotle	174	Dairy House, The	129
"Arthur, The Misfortunes of"	117	Dante	157, 175
Arundel, Earl of	90, 110	Deformity	26
Asquith, Mr.	51	"De Morte"	149
Aubrey	55	De Quadra... ..	42, 76
Avon... ..	214	D'Israeli, Isaac	55, 103
Bacon, Francis	103, 132	Donnelly	7, 117
" " Birth of	9, 44	Douce Collection... ..	6, 110, 127, 128
" " Bust of... ..	46, 78	Dowden	51
" " Death of	110	Dryerre, Mr.	11
" " Marriage of	81, 115	Durning-Lawrence, Sir E.	100, 111
" " Parentage of, 41-8,			
" " 76-83, 112-117, 217-221, 226		Egyptian Ciphers	123
" " Portrait of	46, 78	Engel, Prof.	153
Bacon, Anthony	103, 113, 152	Essays, Subjects of	39
Bacon, Sir Nicholas	9, 12, 44, 46, 54	Essex, Earl of, 10, 55, 90, 94, 103, 154, 213	
Bacon, Lady Anne	80, 115, 153, 221	Eulogies on Bacon	8
Bacon, Messrs., and Son	10	Enterpe	163
Bacon, Roger	171-184	Evelyn	55
Bacon Society	5, 105, 106		
Barnham, Alice	81	Falstaff	57-64
Bath Gate	11	"Farewell to the Vanities of the	
Bayle	103	World"	149
Bayley, Mr. Harold, 92, 106, 108, 126, 137		Fearon, Mr.... ..	105, 106
Bidder	7	Feigned Eulogies, Portraits, In-	
Birch, Thos.	152	scriptions, etc.	9
Bodleian	6	Feilding, General Sir Percy	106
Bohemia	99	"Felicities of Queen Elizabeth," 156-169	
Bompas, Mr. G. C., 41, 54, 76, 96, 106,		Feria... ..	42
134, 153		Florio	99
Brandes	51, 84, 131	Flower, Francis	118
Bright, T.	98	"Four Hymnes"	101
British Museum	6	Fowler, Sir Wm.	103
Bruno, Giordano... ..	85	Froude's History	41
Bull Theatre	10	Fulbeck	118
Burleigh	43, 77	Fulcher, Mr. Fleming	106, 110, 169
Burnham	152		
		Gallup, Mrs. Wells, 7, 12, 25, 98, 100,	
Cabalists, The	125	105, 111, 137, 155, 224, 225	
Calvert	97	Gambould	8
Candler, Mr. H.	99, 184	Garnet, Dr.... ..	98, 137
Canonbury Tower	9, 54, 129	Gay, Mr.	109
Cantor, Dr.... ..	8	Gibson, Hon. E.	7
Cary	7, 8	Gloster	26
Catalogues, Garbled	8, 9	"Golden Remains of Freemasonry,	
Cecil	43	The"	123-126
Chapman	99	Gonzalo	87
Ciphers	7, 123-126	Gorhambury	12, 77
" Biliteral... ..	100, 105, 137	Gould, Mr.	7
" Language of	21, 98, 99, 137	Goutant	103
Coleridge	139	Grosart, Dr.	150
Colomb, Col. G.	154, 210	Hamlet	84, 131
Compton, Lord	9	"Hampstead Advertiser"	11
"Courtly Poets, The"	150	Hannah, Dr.	150

	PAGE		PAGE
Harleian Miscellanies	8	Paulet, Sir Amyas	152
Haweis, Rev. H. R.	11	Penroodocke	118
Headpieces... ..	55, 102	"People, The"	11
Heminge and Condell	221	Pistol	58
Henry V.	198-210	Plautus	37, 60
Hepworth Dixon	76, 103	Playfer, Dr.	93
Herder	153	"Poisons, Moral"	25
Heylin, Peter	16	Pope	99, 111
"His," Use of, for "Its," etc. ...	21, 22	Pott, Mrs.	108, 169
"History of Great Britain" ...	91	Printers' Hieroglyphics ...	93
Homer, Translations of	99, 107, 111	Printing-houses	5
Hotspur	65	Pryer, Dr.	7
Hughes, Thos.	117	Puckering, Lord	44
Hunt, Mr. F. C.	75	Queen Anne	28
Iago	25	Queen Drida	18
"Idola Mentis"	178	Queen Elizabeth (of York) ...	28
"Ignoto"	151	Queen Elizabeth (Tudor). See	
Illuminati	125	Elizabeth	
"It's" and "Its" in Shakespeare	21	Queen Margaret	30
James I.	84	Quirinus	8
Johnson, Dr.	99	Raleigh, Sir Walter	86
Jonson, Ben	93	Rawley, Dr.	9
J. R. (of Gray's Inn)	122	Record Office	7, 110
Kenilworth Castle	126	Retrospect	5
Knollys, Lettice	77	Richard III.	25
Lancaster, John	118	Robsart, Amy	43, 76, 126
Lectures Baconian	10	Romeo	91
Lee, Sidney	51	Rosencrantz	166
Leicester, Earl of, 41-48, 54, 76-83, 86,	94, 103	Rosierucians	93, 125, 166, etc.
Leith, Miss A. A., 9, 21, 54, 84, 111, 137,	153, 198	Rosher, Mr. G. B.	154, 225
Lily's Euphues	87, 131	Royal Library	12
Lingard	76	Royal Society	6, 55
Macbeth	18	S. X.	213
Mallock, W. H.	11, 106, 109, 223, 224	Schoolmen, The	171
Malvolio	103	Seiden	212
Margate	10	Shawcross, Miss C. I.	102
Marlowe	214	Shakspeare's Tombstone ...	154
Marston, Mr.	98	Shepherd's Calendar	54
Mason Marks	93	Simancas' Papers	10
Miller, Mr. E. T.	106	Sinnett, Mr. A. P.	10, 11, 106, 107
Minor Poets	5	Smedley, Mr.	106, 108
"Misfortunes of Arthur"	117	Sonnets, The	66-75
Montaigne	87, 131	Southampton, Lord	91, 96, 213
More, Sir Thomas	10	Spenser, Edmund	54, 98, 101
"Mysteries of Chronology" ...	11	Sprat, Bishop	55, 110
Names in the Plays	48	Squire Minstrel, The	129
National Review	11	St. Alban	10, 12
New Atlantis	8, 55	St. Albans, Viscount	12
New Ireland Review	10, 151	St. Paul	29, 60, 61
Newbon, Mr. C. E.	106, 108	St. Paul's Cathedral	7
Nineteenth Century, 11, 51, 98, 106,	223, 224	State Papers	41, 76
Offa	17	"Staunch Baconian, A" ...	11, 103
Owen, Dr. O.	7, 137-147	Stella	167
"Owl and the Baker's Daughter,		Strickland, Miss	41, 76, 112
The"	126-130	Stronach, Mr. George	11, 83, 112, 223
Pagination, False	5	Sullivan, Dr. Washington ...	109
Paper Mills	5	Sutton, Rev. W.	10, 151
Parallels	25-40, 57-66, 198-210	Sydney, Frances	77
Parentage of Bacon	41, 48, 76-83	Sydney Papers, The	152
Parolles	60	Sydney, Sir Philip	86
Parsons, Father	76	Symbolic Designs	9, 14, 55, 56
		Tail-pieces	55, 102
		Tanner, Mr. E. V.	7, 8
		"Tears of the Muses"	101
		Tempest, The	134, 135
		Terence	60
		Theobald, Mr. R. M.	52, 97, 106
		Thraso	60

INDEX.

iii

	PAGE		PAGE
Throckmorton	77	Weishaupt	125
Thurston	98	"Western Daily News" ...	11
Tiddir	94, 101, 226	Whitehall	9
Timon of Athens... ..	135	Wigston, Mr. W. F. C. ...7, 40, 66, 147, 210	
"Tragedy of Anne Boleyn" ...	101	Williams, Mr. A. J. ...	55, 102, 226
Trotte Nicholas	118	Wilson, Arthur	88
		Wittenberg	85
Urania	167	Woodward, Mr. Parker, 76. 107, 117, 217	
		"World, The"	151
Verulam	15	Wriothesley, Lord	91
Verulam, Lord	6		
		Yelverton, Christopher ...	118
Walsingham	86	York House	9, 110
Watermarks	93, 163	York Minster	6
Webb, Dr.	10	York Place	9, 110
Wells, Miss... ..	111		



